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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

OCTOBER 22, 1979

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THE TORIES
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OCTOBER 22, 1979

On a cloud—of smoke

CONTENTS

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Editorial

Joe Clark's Tories knuckle down, but they remain a party in search of a mystique



By Peter C. Newman

Any democratic government's power is based on the size of its mandate, its authority is derived from the forcefulness of its leader and the popularity of his program.

Joe Clark's main problem, as he met Parliament last week, was not so much that 66 per cent of voters had cast their ballots against him last May 22, but that he has yet to establish the source of his prime ministerial legitimacy—some sustaining myth to justify the exercise of political power.

In an era of high expectations and increasingly intemperate circumstances, the governing of Canada requires more from the occupant of the Prime Minister's Office than ever before. He must not only convince the voters of the worth of his leadership, but somehow move the policy levers to affect the fundamental changes required for the nation's survival. The really significant legacy of the two houses that have most troubled this country for the past decade—inflation and Kaplan-French relations—may well be their effort in destroying the national consensus which made possible the assertion of prime ministerial authority in the first place.

The most remarkable gap in an otherwise commendable throne speech was any specific mention of how

the Conservatives intend to deal with either problem. It surely is more than a little incredible that with the Levesque referendum only seven months or so away not a word was injected into the government's declaration of principle that might at least set out some substance of a federalist position. It's almost as if Joe Clark were depending on Pierre Trudeau to rekindle his magic in Quebec and slay the separatist dragon on the Tories' behalf.

At the same time, the Tories' high-handed transfer of off-shore mineral rights to provincial jurisdiction raises the prospect of further weakening Ottawa's influence in future constitutional bargaining. Although the throne speech didn't name mention Petrocan, Clark's extroverted advisers seem determined to dramatize our only major veto-line in the international oil game—not because it's a policy that makes sense, but simply to redeem a silly election pledge which should never have been made.

During the five months since the election campaign, the Conservative leader has added dignity and subtracted arrogance from the PMO. But his viewshed will be judged by the quality of the policy initiatives he champions and by how successful he becomes in rallying popular support behind them. Unlike most Canadian political leaders who served in calmer times, Joe Clark has no margin for error.

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OCTOBER 22, 1979

Maclean's

The past glows and the future shines, but Havana today could use some polish

By William Lowther

Sitting on the terrace behind the Hotel Nacional, a cool Caribbean breeze blowing apples along the top of my fingers, it's easy to forget that this is a city with the potential for momentous crisis. Even though the bulldozer over the Soviet troops in Cuba has died down, some critics still foresee a renewed cold war seeded by the affair.

It's after midnight, but in the once-splendid hotel, perched atop a rocky bluff overlooking the sweeping Matanzas promenade and the sea beyond, strains of old love songs still drift up from the basement nightclub. The rooms, though, leave a lot to be desired: like the rest of Havana, they have been allowed to fade and fray for lack of paint and plaster. The bedchambers have no toilet seats.

Wealthy North Americans used to come to Havana for the shopping, for the gambling and for the girls, but all of that disappeared with the revolution 49 years ago. In its place, Moscow provides about \$8 million a day which keeps the economy afloat and makes life more pleasant than it was before Castro. The appalling poverty that pervaded the island in those "good old days" is largely gone. Every child gets a chance at a good education and there is free medical attention for all. No one goes hungry here anymore, although everything is rationed. And the old Havana friends who remember with nostalgia when the people don't laugh and smile as much as they used to. Indeed many of the people look miserable. Along with the social benefits that the Cubans have acquired from the Soviets, they also display the Soviets' depressing slabbiness in the service industries. There is no rank to serve, except. Finding of common courtesy and little desire to please. The waiter may benefit from being equal, but the customer surely has the advantage of being right.

Old Havana remains beautiful, however, despite the state of its past and present. Its domes, arches and porticos, its pastel pinks, greens and blues still make it, despite the deterioration, the most interesting city in the Caribbean. It has been "let go" so that scarce supplies of building materials can be used to construct modern apartment buildings outside the town.

Average Cuban wages are about \$300



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

a month, but no one seems to be short of cash. What is lacking is any real variety of things to spend it on. The Cubans get only 10 per cent of their wages for housing, and most of their ordinary purchases are limited to ration coupons. The most ration is three-quarters of a pound a person every nine days. The coffee allowance is 1 lb. across a week. Men can buy two shirts and one pair of trousers a year with their coupons, women are limited too, even down to the underwear.

That there are disgruntled residents can be seen in emigration lines—applications for immigration to Canada have never been higher. A recent joke going the rounds is that Fidel Castro and his brother Raúl were driving

The Guevara dominates cityscape; women ask friends once drove to their underwear

through Havana one day when they saw an unusually long line. They decided to join it to see what it was for. As soon as they did, the line began to evaporate and they found themselves at the head of it. "What are we waiting for?" asked Fidel. "Don't miss. This is the department of emigration," replied the official. "But where are all the other people who were in the line?" asked Fidel. "Here," said the official. "When they saw that you and Raúl wanted to leave, they decided they would stay."

That joke is not likely to be told by any old Cuban in the street, he will be more guarded to what he says. As José Luis Posada, a political cartoonist for *Bohemia*, a leading Cuban magazine, explains it: "In Cuba you are allowed to criticize anyone you want, but we don't criticize ourselves because there is nothing to criticize." His work includes many drawings poking fun at Jimmy Carter and other Western politicians but not a single caricature of Castro. "Why would anyone criticize the revolution? The revolution is good, there is no need for criticism."

What about Castro's incredibly long speeches, some of which go on for two or three hours? Aren't they a prime subject for the cartoonist? Says Posada: "Fidel's long speeches are to educate the people. He is a teacher. You will notice his speeches are getting shorter, that is because the people are learning."

Havana's Paseo Club seen courtesy



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MEXICO

By Patricia Goldstone

They met in Vancouver at the tail end of the '80s.

Cheng: "I was running a halfway house in Canada for Americans who didn't want to fight in Vietnam. We were under federal laws to fill certain racial quotas and we had an opening for a Mexican or an Indian."

Cheek: "I had a face that could go either way, so whenever the guy came round I filled in."

It was love at first sight.

Cheng: "I tell you, when you get Monty for friends, that's the end."

Cheek: "Especially second night."

Tony Cheng—tall, gentle, half-Canadian, half-Chinese, Cheek: Maria—short, manic, Mexican-American. But they were both "heads" (heads unskilled, coming as amateur graduate students—Laurie and Hardy with marijuana and hair. In 1968 they emigrated to the United States together, performed improvisational theatre and became a comedy team that ended up speaking for the drug subculture.

Cheng: "It took me six years to call myself a comedian."

Cheek: "That's because he couldn't pronounce it."

But it didn't take them six years to take off. In 1972, after a snowballing nightclub career, they co-produced/mixed/wrote Lou Adler to make their first record, *Cheek and Cheng*. By 1978 they had four gold albums to their credit, as well as many Top 10 singles such as *Benetton Jones* and *Kerosene No. 66*. Their blaxploited drug-house humor was matched on other stages and wherever people gathered to partake of by-products of the cannabis plant. They were an institution, a metaphor for the druggie state of mind so often induced by smoking marijuana. They would misbehave two days running after one—and getting alone from the exhaust. Dope in the classroom. Dope in bed. One classic depeche was Mr. Ashby Mouth-Clip speaking out for Hells and Hemp—and forgetting his speech.

On the lips of reviewers their material sounds merely silly, and to many seems vulgar. Coming from its creators, its occasional perversity is redoubled by the strength of the duo's main strength: characterization. Early on, the two comedians developed a stable of stock impersonational characters such as Blatter Mary Elephant (a psychotic nun in charge of a classroom of incorrigibles) and her male counterpart, Sergeant Sybilistic. And, instead of "polishing," doing the same bits over and over again every show like most comics, Cheek and Cheng kept altering the situations

to suit their audience. These extended story lines, and the strong visual quality of their material, made it a short hop from stage to celluloid.

In 1978, after cutting *Shipping Beauty*, Cheek and Cheng stopped making records to write movie material. The result was *Up in Smoke* which, released in 1978, has by this fall topped \$94 million in worldwide box-office gross (on an initial investment by Paramount Studios of just more than \$2 million). The duo is now "Hot Stuff" in the eyes of the Hollywood establishment: they are scheduled to begin filming Cheek and Cheng Go Hollywood this month, with Tommy directing for Universal, and they have just signed with Columbia to write, star in, and presumably direct a third project.

In person, Cheek and Cheng are far from their dropped-out film personas. They are intelligent, articulate, attractive and, according to themselves, "completely in control" in the studio environment. "People have the wrong im-

pression of studio stars," says Cheng. "You don't get to be an executive by becoming an idiot first. Everybody that runs a studio is extremely intelligent and perceptive. They may be social cripples but they're smart." Cheek adds, "Man, they even gave us a key to the garage."

It may seem strange that their current film is not being made for Paramount studios easily try to rope in their big money-makers with multi-picture contracts after their first proven success. But, like any other Hollywood success story, theirs is fraught with "creative differences" subsequent to the film's release, the team had a made and permanent split with Adler.

"So we ended up with this New York Jewish gold-chain character," and Cheek finishes the sentence, "Sucks Sucks Brown. That's what we call him."

"Sucks"—Howard Brown is their millionaire partner. He, Cheek, and Cheng have set up C.C. Brown Productions, an independent film company, to

produce Cheek and Cheng movies and also to develop the work of other comics.

But the partnership is not equal in all respects. "There's only one director," says Cheng, "and I've always been it. You can't have two people telling the actors what to do. But when we do things Cheek has as much voice as I have. He feels strong about one thing and I feel strong about the opposite. It's the war of the worlds." Then we hammer it out among ourselves and it's resolved," says Cheek. "It's like being on a basketball team. He's better at rebounds because he's taller, and I'm better at drifting."

The team is now breaking in a cast of unknowns on Cheek and Cheng Go Hollywood.

Cheng: "First we have meetings with everyone individually. They tell us stories that happened to them. We take their greatest hits."

Cheek: "And turn them into cartooned acts."

Cheng: "We write separately. But when we put an idea we throw it in there and work it out among ourselves. We polish everything together."

Cheek: "It's like music. You know, when you start a riff and the other guy chimes in. We're known each other so long and have such a backlog of experiences together."

Cheng: "We're good at finding subjects too. People tell us their stories all the time. It's own career, now we get away. Now they're serious. Now they want to get paid for it."

Cheek: "It's really amazing how people will come up to a celebrity and tell him the most intimate details of their lives."

The end result is somewhat unique within the studio system. Usually a finished shooting script is around 120 pages long. Cheek and Cheng are renowned for refusing to deliver anything more than a treatment or outline (Cheek and Cheng Go Hollywood runs

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Cheek and Cheng: a kind of hippie hero



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about 40 pages, which they use as a "blessing pad," according to "Baba." Rather than getting sets in its pin-striped pants, the studio has learned to live with the apparently slighted emcee, perhaps a mark of the totem's professionalism.

Cheek and Chang Go Hollywood has been described as "massimal" by *Impassioned*. Universal executive Theo Moon, an ex-radical himself. While trading on the duo's new image as movie stars, the film will focus on the low-rent side of Hollywood. Cheek plays a studio gofer and Chang his bitter roommate. "It's basically a continuation of," Cheek begins the sentence. Cheek cuts in "... our incredible life. The funniest people in the world are those who don't see anything or own anything. Our needs are so basic that we're the universal comedy trip. Like Laurel and Hardy or Abbott and Costello. Only difference is that instead of going out and drinking beer we go home and smoke dope."

But the homes they go to are far from the low-rent affairs they knew in their early days. Chang lives in the secluded estate of Bel-Air. Cheek in "The 39"—the famous Midway film colony. As "We people," they manage to re-

main unaffected by what is commonly called the "Hollywood lifestyle."

"I'm independently wealthy enough to have my own lifestyle," remarks Chang. "I don't have to chase deals or go to the parties unless it's strictly for pleasure. I've got a strong family life" (consisting of three teen-aged daughters). "I've got a pretty strong love for watching TV and smoking dope too. Right now I smoke a better brand of dope out of a better pipe and watch a better TV set than I did in the '60s."

For the moment, their prosperity is based on the fact that the hippie lifestyle is relatively new to films. Their huge cut following includes such established figures as directors Tony Richardson and Eli Askin, Warren Beatty, and ex-New Yorker critic Pauline Kael, all of whom gather to watch *Salina*. What will the pair do if dope and hippie pipes dry up?

"Retire to some \$10-billion estate and ride dope and wait for the Second Coming," says Cheek.

"Or to some tropical island and call ourselves sun gods," Cheek adds. "But hey, that's like asking when will people not want to get high anymore. People get high in lots of different ways, and our forte has always been lots of dif-

ferent things. The dope and hippie pills are just a peg."

They have had offers to split up as the team, for both comedians to do something different. But says Cheek, "We're married—and it's nice." (Cheek is recently married. Chang has had two divorces and now a steady lady friend.) Would the alternatives ever include going back to work in Canada? No, says Cheek, who recently bought a house in West Vancouver. "Being Canadian is a lot like being Polish," Chang explains. "The problem is that there's things to do but no one to do them with. My motives for buying a house there were real selfish. Being rich down here doesn't mean much. In Canada it means a whole lot. When I was growing up in Canada, I never got to go skiing. I barely ever got out on the water. Now, to go back and live in West Vancouver, I feel like I've really conquered something."

Maybe. But the real victory came from Cheek. As he left the Universal anniversary, a long line of tourists formed at the cash register. Even though he was late for a meeting, Cheek got in place at the very end. Now, in Canada, that might not mean much. In Hollywood, it means a whole lot. ☐

The crystal balls are tuned in on Manitoba



By Peter Caryl-Gordge

In Manitoba, where Starling Lyon ousted the NDP government of Ed Schreyer in October 1977, a political depression has settled over Progressive Conservatives. There is a definite sense of déjà vu as reports from Ottawa paint a tale of belt-tightening and bureaucratic slashing. For its part, Manitoba has been well into austerity for some time, with Crown corporations being auctioned off to the private sector and budgets and budgets alike being hacked. As one disgruntled ex-club servant, Laura Leah Allen, put it: "Manitoba appears to be in the awkward stage of the back-to-medieval-times movement."

The Lyon theory was that once ancient legacies were swept away by efficient Tony Brown, boom times would follow. So far they haven't, and gloomy reports on the province's future have been falling thick as autumn leaves. Young professionals have been packing bags and seeking leasing-like to pastures greener—last year alone the province lost 10,000 people and was the only one in Canada to record a net population decline.

Socialists, especially, are watching for some sign that Lyon's policies might be provoking the public too far. Ever since Ed Schreyer quit the party to become Governor-General last December, the NDP has limped along with its interim leader Howard Pawley, a respected lawyer whose political talents are widely thought to fall short of Lyon-touting. Many NDPers were critical of Schreyer, suspecting him of having fallen asleep at the wheel in his last few years as leader, but now it isn't readily admitted that he is simply missed.

Lyon's public support will get a partial testing this week, when the results of these by-elections are known. The seats being contested Tuesday are Fort Rouge, formerly held with a 60-vote margin by late Liberal MIA Lloyd Awerbuch, who became an MP in May, adjacent River Heights, previously held by former Conservative cabinet minister Sidney Rivkin, who unconsciously sought a federal seat in May, and Rossmore, formerly held by Schreyer.

Trying to fill Schreyer's shoes in Rossmore is Vic Schroeder, a former party president of the NDP, who is favoured to retain the Schreyer margin of 120 votes. Says one senior PC member



Schreyer (left) and Schroeder hoping to slip in on the federal election tide

with access to polls: "We used to say Schreyer held it because of personal popularity but in May [the federal election] the tide ran like hell for the NDP there. I think it's safe for them." Four others are seeking the seat, including Marxist-Leninist Marcel Gitterman and Linda Penner of the Western Democratic Party. Schroeder, a 38-year-old lawyer, says the main issue will be the government's track record, its broken promises and mismanagement of the economy. His Conservative opponent will be management consultant and city councillor Harold Perry, 49.

In Fort Rouge, the Liberals, growing over a fourfold increase in party membership since 1977, are fielding city councillor Jane Westbury, who might become a candidate to lead the leadership Liberal party if she wins the seat, as she's expected to. Westbury says Manitoba politics have become too polarized between the ideological screechings of left and right. The time is right, she thinks, for the rebirth of the pragmatic Liberals. Trying to prove her wrong will be Hugh McDonald, 49, a Conservative lawyer, and Vic Brown, a 38-year-old lawyer representing the NDP.

Perhaps the most interesting seat in terms of gauging government popularity will be affluent River Heights, a well-heeled, traditionally Conservative suburb which, in 1977, returned Rivkin with a 4,512-vote majority. One party poll of the riding undertaken in late August and early September by Opuscon, a private research firm, showed 60 per cent of River Heights voters were

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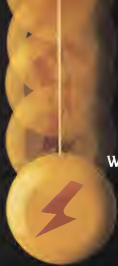
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Frontlines

concerned with co-optation from the province. As Winnipeg Tribune political writer Frances Russell noted in a column recently: "Middle- and upper-income voters aren't affected by reductions in social services. But they are distressed by seeing their children have to leave Manitoba to get employment. Middle- and upper-income voters are likely to applaud government spending restraints. But they are alarmed when they see signs of new social signs in their neighborhoods - they don't like economic uncertainty and stagnation."

Hoping they'll shake it enough to elect him as Liberal lawyer Jay Prober, 36, another party leadership hopeful, who admits winning won't be easy, but adds that a significant slip in the Conservative majority will pluck many Liberal hearts. "It does get to people," he says, "when they walk down the street and see all these new buildings. Socialism is coming." Hoping to return River Heights for the Conservatives is Gary Plesow, 35, a city councillor and president of a local business training school, who claims he has heard no major complaints. "I've visited three-fifths of the voters and find most discussion is on federal and provincial issues," he says. "If it's true there's concern over people leaving the province, but this riding has always had a large turnover of executives being transferred. People aren't afraid it's an epidemic. Some Conservatives may vote Liberal but they wouldn't if it were a general election. They know their vote this time won't change the government."

Meanwhile, the Prairied Land forces by Lynn seem to be away as ever and even his own supporters have shown reservations at protracted restraint, which is fine in theory, but not so good when it hurts. Pressure on government spending and restraints have hit builders, architects and many small businesses.

A partial reckoning may have come in the last federal election when Manitoba backed national trends and the Conservatives actually lost seats. Some Conservatives admitted it might be a voter backlash and restraint may have gone too far too fast. But despite the doom and gloom on economic and employment issues, there is one ray of light on the Manitoba horizon—emanating from a public corporation. Manitoba Hydro owes to the U.S. helped provide a \$40-million grant this year and prospects of further massive power sales are rosy. With such profitability in mind, Lynn—as well as Prime Minister Joe Clark, sharpening his own knives in Ottawa—may be taught a lesson in the week's voting.

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Frontlines

Clayton Ruby's people power

By Fred Bazer

Whoever lays a hand on me to govern me is a tyrant and a tyrant... Government of man by man is slavery—Pierre Proudhon, *Confessions of a Revolutionary*, 1848.

Sarnia Point, Ontario: The placid waves ripple in the air. The bright sun and silver pieces nestle peacefully, far from the aggression of the world. Toronto civil liberties lawyer Clayton Ruby tenters in a collapsible chair on the lawn of his country estate, chain-smoking cigarettes and aggressively denouncing all of the world's political and social conventions. "Governments glorify waste public money in cases where they have no business interfering. Great corporations, by means of tax deductions, force us to subsidize mistakes for which we have no use. We need individuals who will stand up to big government and big business and say, 'These are my principles I won't. You're wrong.'"

"Clayton Ruby," says Canadian Civil Liberties Association general counsel Alan Boroway, "is among the foremost

civil liberties lawyers in this country. He's rare because he speaks out—getting up on platforms, firing off letters, chasing the authorities."

Among Canadian civil liberties lawyers, or for that matter among lawyers of any kind, Clay Ruby is not only eminent and unusual, he is also idiosyncratic, provoking, contentious, fractious and utterly sincere. "If I'm asked upon to give an opinion I express what's on my mind," says Ruby with considerable understatement. During the past year Ruby has not missed any opportunities to critique publicly the members of the McDonald Commission on front activities as Liberal leaders, of dubious commitment to their enterprise. Invited to address the annual conference of the Canadian Periodicals Publishers Association last April, he emphatically called his hosts a "bunch of cowards" for their "halfhearted" failure to take a robust (enough) stand on the issue of freedom of the press.

Last month Ruby appeared in a *Sudb* Star. Marie courtois to defend what he considers the inalienable right of Winnipeg barroom owner MacLennan to perform such low-class drinking duties as "Do Your Hair. Hang

Ruby (center) with "Society Public" ideologues Ed Jackson, Ken Popert, Gerald Hanson (left to right) descending the world's stairs.

Less!" on a stage in Algoma District. "What is offensive here," maintains Ruby, "is the state once again playing a censoring role. We have problems with violent crime, with corporate crime. Why are prosecutors wasting their energies on cases like this, when adults are perfectly capable of deciding what they should or should not see?"

Later that fall Ruby will oppose the Crown's appeal of last February's acquittal of Toronto gay publisher, *The Body Politic*, on charges of distributing "indecent, immoral or scurrilous" material, a litigation that has already been the epicenter of tempestuous conflicts among gay militants, religious zealots and flamboyant editorial writers.

But then, political polemics are routinely swirl around Ruby, who collects controversies the way a spider does acquire loving trophies. Harold J. Levy, an Ontario Legal Aid Plan senior administrator and long-time associate, sees in Ruby a representative of all noble civic virtues, "a man of boldness, courage and integrity, a man who, when the

1 When choosing an electric shaver the most important thing to remember is that the head of any shaver is its head. With the Philipsave system there is not one, but three floating heads that flex to meet your face to face. Beneath the three floating heads are 36 precisely angled cutting edges that rotate at incredible speeds to cleanly and closely shave off whiskers without any tugging or pulling. This unique and patented rotary system lets you get as close to your face as you'll probably ever want to be. Comfortably. Ask any man who shaves with one.

2 Working on the premise that if all faces were created the same we would all look the same, we created an adjustable control that has nine different settings for a multitude of different faces. Turn the control to setting 1 and the Philipsave system will take care of heavy, hard to shave heads. Turn it to setting 5 and it will look after light heads and delicate skin. Turn it to any of the settings inbetween,

SOME COMFORTING FACTS ABOUT PHILISHAVE.



BEFORE YOU MAKE ANY RASH DECISIONS.

and it will give close comfort to any of the many faces inbetween.

3 With the Philipsave system, taking care of sideburns isn't a side line. We believe that well groomed mustaches and sideburns are an integral part of a well groomed face. Therefore, our trimmer is an integral part of the Philipsave system. When needed, it pops up for use. When not needed it tucks away beautifully.

4 The next thing to notice about a Philipsave is that when you hold it the angle of its face matches the angle of your face. This means it's as convenient to use as it is comfortable.

That last, and the three which preceded it, are all based on the idea that the purchase of an electric shaver shouldn't be a rash decision. Which is undoubtedly why more men have known a close relationship with Philipsave than any other electric shaving system in the world.

PHILIPS



state abuses its power, cries inside. However, P.M. Givens, Meira Toroit's Public Relations chairman and long-time adversary, perceives in Ruby a reflex radical, conceptually incapable of seeing any issue objectively. "There's no possible compromise, nothing we could ever do to satisfy Mr. Ruby. The intensity of his gaze obscures the depth of his vision."

Ruby was equally intractable when he first started practice as a criminal lawyer in the late '60s. In those days he regularly rose at court in defense of black activists, "not polemically and ordinary bourgeois high who had become campus revolutionaries. At the same time, his scolding accusations of policy infractions so alienated the department that in one instance a young woman being questioned about a robbery was asked only three questions by the police: "Are you a Communist? Do you have any track marks (heroin injection scars)? Do you know Clayton Ruby?"

To some extent Ruby has mellowed since those times. "I have always been and still am unconsciously a leftist," he insists. "I'm in favor of power for working people, power devolving to community-level organizations." But in the federal election of last May Ruby campaigned for Conservative Rae Atkey, now minister of employment and immigration.

What has always been at the heart of Ruby's motivation is a philosophy derived from the fiery naturalists of 19th-century anarchists. After a fling to Ruby *men and pigs*, the dedication of Ruby's scholarly textbook on Canadian sentencing procedure (*Ruby on Sentencing*) manifests deeply in the direction of the revolutionary anarchist Alexander Berkman, the very name of whose name seems to cause Ruby's voice to quaver with ardent emotion. "Alexander Berkman was an anti-processing idealist," he says. "When he was deported from the United States to Russia in 1919, he was killed in a St. Petersburg battle in Russia he couldn't keep his mouth shut either. He wrote a critique of the Russian Revolution so brilliant and so critical that he was deported from there, too."

During the past few years Ruby has followed, with varying degrees of success, to direct the instruments of Canadian law on the basis of this individualistic faith. In the Law's case of 1973 Ruby argued before the Supreme Court that the section of the Indian Act which deprives native women—but not men—of their Indian status and accompanying benefits as a consequence of intermarriage with non-Indians is "flagrantly discriminatory."

In the *Morgentaler* abortion case of 1974-75 Ruby contended that the

Crown's prosecution was a denial of the principle of equality before the law. "It created a situation," maintains Ruby, "in which wealthy women could obtain medical abortions in the United States where they were legal, while poor women were compelled to resort to self-abortion and dangerous back-room operations."

Ruby, who went down to defeat in both cases, sees the debates as a further corroboration of his thesis. "The liberal government—and I have no illusions that the Conservatives will be any better—opposed every application by every citizen to invade the Bill of Rights. By appealing each attempt to do so, the government, as much as the courts, has killed the Bill of Rights. They don't like it. They don't want the courts to be able to say to them—'Thus shalt thou die.'"

None of Ruby's cases has been more controversial or attended by more sensation than that of his publication *The Body Politic*. In its December, 1977, issue, the paper published an article that invited its readers to consider the salutory aspects of sexual relationships between older men and adolescent boys. The first reaction was a volley of firestorm reports by conservative *The Toronto Star*, warning directly of "recruitment" by homosexuals enticing "kids, not rights." In January, American evangelist Anita Bryant preached to 3,000 worshippers at the Peoples Church in Toronto, where she intoned sacred songs and towns coming down her cheeks, recited the commandments of First Corinthians against fornication and effeminacy. Ruby himself was depicted in a *30* editorial cartoon, seductively slugging a policeman through the heart with a sword emblazoned "Freedom and the press," and sneering, "Sorry, fat-foot. If you need a good lawyer, give me a call."

It is the very unpopularity of the issue, in its opinion, says Ruby, that makes its critical use from the civil liberties point of view. "Freedom of speech doesn't say you can't talk about pedophilia except in an objective way. Freedom of speech means freedom to correct any side of an issue. We are entitled to ask for immunity but we are not entitled to say, 'Well, this attitude toward it.'"

The trial itself, in January of this year, was a fitting climax to the affair. Other lawyers have described Ruby's courtroom style as so cerebral and precise as to be almost clinical. But on the first day of cross-examination Ruby launched an attack on two of the Crown's chief witnesses that was virulent and scathing. The virulent language used by Ruby in his comments on the issue—"wonders... creatures... slaving hands and demoralized aspirations of

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radical homosexual"—was proof, submitted Ruby, that Hay was "hopelessly biased, utterly extreme."

Ruby induced Rev. Ken Campbell, founder of the fundamentalist Renaissance Canada organization, to assert that the Socratic dialogue was the secret and pinnacle of teaching methods, but that because Socrates was a homosexual, any application by that person of teachers to instruct in Ontario schools—assuming, for the sake of argument, the acceptance of physical laws—should be opposed with all possible rigour. In the space of five hours the credibility of the witnesses, and perhaps the prosecution's case, were shattered. On Feb. 14, 1979, a verdict of acquittal was handed down.

The Crown's decision to appeal the verdict thus fell in a matter of eight but not of surgery to Ruby: "It's a political decision. Prosecutors were in a right-wing mood in the public, and they are quiet and notes out there if they respond to it. It's not against a right-wing mood per se, but it shouldn't be used to power the criminal law machine. What are individuals who can't raise that kind of money (the *Body Public* case defence cost close to \$30,000) supposed to do—go bankrupt or accept the consequences of a conviction?"



Ruby: controversies collected like trophies

Naturally, Ruby's opponents have their own contentious, fractious and equally inflammable rejoinders. In a CBC radio debate with Ruby last March, Ontario Attorney-General Roy McMurtry, whose defence it was to launch the *Body Public* appeal, dubbed himself "shocked" at the "veritable symphony" of cynicism and political opportunism. Columnist Hoy caricatured Ruby as a "10-speed Liberal wanderer, always rushing to defend trendy causes. How catch would he be to defend the *Western Guard*, to defend their right to free speech?" (Three weeks ago members of an anti-drag group went so far as to stage a demonstration in front of Ruby's home, chanting angrily that his defence of *The Body Public* and his advocacy of the legitimization of marijuana were eroding the moral fibre of the nation.)

But as the vanguard, by the lake, under the murmuring pines, Clay Ruby chain-smokes cigarettes, leans forward in his collapsible chair and ardently quotes from the theology of squabbling. "As 19-century anarchists' Prince Peter Kropotkin said: 'Ask yourself what you need to know to make this the kind of world you want to live in. Demand that your teachers teach you that.'"

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More than a bronzed mettle

Being an avid climber I read your article on climbing, *Muscling a Way to the Top* (Sept. 24), with great interest. The sport of rock climbing has been served an injustice by your article simply because of the words "muscle" which is portrayed. To suggest that the sport belongs to the brawn and muscled solely to discourage others from experiencing the excitement of climbing. The most successful climbers are those who combine the factors of experience, efficiency of body movement, strategy, strength, mental attitude and, above all, ability to recognize their own personal threshold.

JOHN AMBROSE, HALLGROVE, ONT.

Piping out the sheeves

Your article *Unhinging the Horn of Plenty* (Sept. 24) regarding the Conservative government's attempts to entangle the grain trade reiterates their lack of understanding of the mechanics of free enterprise. I am astonished that this new government would seek to add to the farmers' costs by appearing yet another ear or commission to evade costs. Building a second terminal and upgrading two sets of lines, only to have ships in both ports charging no demurrage would far exceed the amount necessary to make the system work. I suggest piping the ship's air through pipes (not necessarily what they're asking) to eliminate costly heating in Prince Rupert, and the regular practice of slow-loading wheat, and if you fix the rail rates to the amount paid in ship's demurrage, we could cut out the shipping and



Climber Richard Seelinger: ability to recognize their own personal threshold

talking to death of the whole problem, because grain would be rotting in as if we had a golden pipeline. The only other necessity would be to ensure no wheat product moved through any but Canadian ports. I challenge Joe Clark to try the very thing he said he would to deduct back government spending and reduce civil servants.

JOE GREENGLASS, LANGLIS, B.C.

Suits for successful men

Stephen Kimber in his article *Getting a Second Opinion* (Sept. 3) reports that faced with possible litigation by the

baby's father, the doctors of Victoria General's abortion department decided not to go ahead with the abortion. By opposing the right of women to terminate the lives of their unborn children, one does not automatically become a supporter of "abortion racism" or "life testing." The article also mentions that, so far, fathers of unborn children have not been too successful in preventing the termination of their offspring. However, it fails to mention a parallel where fathers have successfully sued for damages if their unborn child is needlessly killed or injured. The classic example is, of course, the *thalidomide*. It is a schizophrenic law indeed which fails to prevent the intentional destruction of a child in the womb, but grants astronomical settlements to parents for unintentional damage caused in the womb by a drug prescribed for nausea. Abortion is not a panacea for social problems. Troubled families need compassionate, collective help.

KARENLEEN R. TITEL,
CAMPAIGN LIFE-CANADA, EDMONTON

Sparkle plenty

Warren Gerard's article *Warrior Proper Takes Time Out for Kids* (Sept. 24) leads me to wonder, once again, if the CBC is bent on self-destruction. I cannot believe that the producers of *AKA* state are so lacking in common sense as to say that *Tracy* "doesn't sparkle." As far as I'm concerned, *AKA* state isn't its sparkle when it last *Tracy*.

HELEN GARY, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

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MOST OUTSTANDING PLAYER

- 1976 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1977 Jimmy Edwards, Hamilton
- 1978 Ken Letcher, Saskatchewan
- 1979 Mike Harder, Calgary
- 1980 Tim Williams, Edmonton
- 1981 George McGee, Edmonton
- 1982 Garney Henry, Hamilton
- 1983 Ken Young, Winnipeg
- 1984 Ken Letcher, Saskatchewan
- 1985 Russ Jackson, Calgary
- 1986 Bill Sweeney, Toronto
- 1987 Peter Liska, Ottawa
- 1988 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1989 George Reed, Saskatchewan
- 1990 Lowell Coleman, Calgary
- 1991 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1992 George Dodd, Montreal
- 1993 James Wright, Hamilton
- 1994 Rick Parris, Saskatchewan
- 1995 Jimmy Blythe, Edmonton
- 1996 John Parker, Edmonton
- 1997 Mike Harder, Montreal
- 1998 Hal Patterson, Montreal
- 1999 Ron Johnson, Montreal
- 2000 Sam Sweeney, Montreal
- 2001 Billy Vessels, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

- 1972 Ray Rhodes, B.C.
- 1973 John Nelson, Calgary
- 1974 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1975 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1976 John LeGros, Edmonton
- 1977 Ken Letcher, Ottawa
- 1978 K.M. Quinlan, Saskatchewan
- 1979 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1980 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1981 Tim Brown, B.C.
- 1982 John Barrow, Hamilton
- 1983 Fred Rigney, Winnipeg
- 1984 Mike Gray, Winnipeg
- 1985 Russ Jackson, Edmonton
- 1986 Russ Jackson, Edmonton
- 1987 Russ Jackson, Edmonton
- 1988 Russ Jackson, Edmonton
- 1989 Russ Jackson, Edmonton
- 1990 Russ Jackson, Edmonton
- 1991 Russ Jackson, Edmonton
- 1992 Russ Jackson, Edmonton
- 1993 Russ Jackson, Edmonton
- 1994 Russ Jackson, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1976 Joe Cooke, Ottawa
- 1977 Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1978 Don Tuckers, Montreal
- 1979 Charles Parry, Edmonton
- 1980 Ed George, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1976 Dave Penner, Edmonton
- 1977 Mike Knapik, Edmonton
- 1978 Bill Baker, B.C.
- 1979 Tim Campbell, Toronto
- 1980 John Nelson, Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1976 Joe Paparelli, Winnipeg
- 1977 Leon Wright, B.C.
- 1978 John Schreier, B.C.
- 1979 Tim Campbell, Toronto
- 1980 Steve Crook, Toronto
- 1981 John Rogers, Montreal
- 1982 Chuck Ealey, Hamilton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1976 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1977 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1978 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1979 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1980 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1981 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1982 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1983 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1984 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
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- 1989 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1990 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1991 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1992 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1993 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1994 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1995 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1996 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1997 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1998 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 1999 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 2000 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
- 2001 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa



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Selective amnesia?

William Lowther's piece *Empire Beyond the Court* (Sept. 10) was a welcome pin in the Klansman balloon. But Lowther neglected to mention one undercurrent: Kissinger's role in the bloody overthrow of Chile's democratically elected Allende government and its replacement by a military dictatorship. The thousands of refugees from Chilean fascism must find it somewhat ironic that Kissinger arrived in the New World as a refugee from Nazi Germany.

ANGUS M. TAYLOR
AMSTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS

A plaque upon their house

I have just read Peter Newman's editorial *Perhaps U.S. TV Needs Only to Rethink, Not Cancel the 'Real' Class* in *Highway Monthly* (Sept. 30) calling for a higher level of responsibility in Canadian programming. I agree wholeheartedly. We need programs that are more than merely entertaining, ones that challenge us to actually improve our lives in a deep sense instead of merely coping.

JANETRICHE VANOVERBER

Peter Newman's editorial proclaiming the coming year's TV must be more timely and threatening. May I suggest that it be engraved upon a golden plaque to be presented to the Canadian producer of the most inescapable program of the year 1990. There won't be many worthy of consideration, but surely there will be one.

DEBBIE F. GIBBY HAMILTON

On her own dime

A sometime class at John Taylor College will reuse itself sufficiently to respond to several of Barbara Ansel's observations on today's teen-agers in *Shopping Mall* (Sept. 29). We regret that Ansel did not encounter any of our friends in her parade across the mall—they were all too busy engaged in frivolous activities such as summer employment, volunteer work and babysitting for working mothers. Her high school teacher friends assured her that we are "a terrible lot." They sound exactly like the sort of concerned, dedicated and optimistic teachers we need in our high schools—travelling and inspiring to their students. We appreciate Ansel's "juicy" second-hand judgment that we "are not concerned with improving or changing the world." We realize that any hard, investigative reporting technique (such as actually talking to one of these

"juicy papers") would cramp her highly subjective style. We are sorry Ansel was unable to discover any bearing, heading or passionate dissent going on in Toronto's shopping malls that, somehow we don't feel that we are the generation with the problem—after all, Ms. Ansel was the one who wanted her date in the sex machine!

JONAS TAYLOR, COLLEGIATE, WINNIPEG

Explainer in the grass

The Burrens walked has chased another channel, a communications channel. The plan: that winter season, To Juvet a Better Wind Trap (Sept. 17), is trying to control in an aquatic word, the Eurasian water-milfoil or myriophyllum spicatum L., not the milfoil that was illustrated with in the common purple or crackles myriophyllum L., a weed of dry waste places and roadsides.

G.W. ARCELO,
NATIONAL BUREAU OF NATURAL
RESEARCH, OTTAWA

Games people plague

Let's get our priorities straight: Who cares about discrimination of Americans in the Canadian Football League? (Passing the Book in *Canadian Current*, Aug. 13) The CFL has, through the years, called for protection from the Canadian government of the "Canadian identity" in Canadian football. This presumed protection has, in response, led to the expulsion of the white, from Toronto, and has kept the NFL from expanding into Montreal. The truth remains that there is no Canadian identity in the CFL, only a low-grade American one. It says a lot when the top college player in the nation, James Davis, can't make it on one of the most hopeless teams in sport. It's about time the CFL was made a showcase for Canadian talent, because, believe it or not, there is such a thing.

DEBBIE VAN OVERBERG, LONDON, ONT.

Once in a blue moon

After reading Bruce MacMillan's comment (Letters, Aug. 27) that "if all Canadians were to learn both French and English, this would provide insulation against assimilation by the United States," let us suggest that an equally sensible preventive would be to paint ourselves blue and dance naked under the full moon. If these who wish to speak French would simply do so, and once throwing an unlearned language on others, this would be a much happier nation.

R.G. WHITING, KENNESAW, CANADA
PROSPECT REPORTER B.C.

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Blackjack pros who teach to win

Since Alberta became the first province to allow legalized gambling in 1979, champions of all sorts, including the Kinsmen and the Lions' clubs, have been cashing in on their allotment of two gambling nights a year. Alberta has become the gambling mecca of Canada, with casinos running up to 12 hours a day, six days a week in Calgary and Edmonton. Gross earnings from the events have jumped from \$4.2 million in

1984 to \$43.2 million last year, with another \$33.5 million going out to the lucky winners in blackjack, roulette and wheels of fortune in 1978.

For two blackjack consultants—realtor Irving Switzer and former gravel-truck operator Don Heckendable—Alberta's casinos have turned a gambling game into an educational adventure. After visiting Las Vegas earlier this year, they decided that Alberta's blackjack players needed help to keep from being parted from their money at the tables. They hired two Las Vegas pros, then launched the Alberta School of Winning Blackjack during Stampede Week in Calgary when the biggest annual casino is held.

The school's first 11 students, from a little, stylish young woman to a stout gray-haired couple, had one thing in common: they're blackjack players with experience at the gaming tables. Les Stabile, one of the two pro lecturers at the school, made sure of that when he opened his course. "You're all players, you're all losers," he told the class, and pointed to the school's motto: "It's Not

Heckendable during blackjack moving in on Canada's gambling mecca



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Frontlines



Calgary Stampede casino: count your bets

"Easy?" He promised that anyone can learn to play winning blackjack if they're willing to work. That's the part that's not easy.

Blackjack, also known as twenty-one, is a card game in which players try to beat the dealer's, but not exceeding 21. Students at the Alberta school can choose between a \$500 course in the game's basic strategy, which teaches them how to break even, or a \$990 "make money" course if they want to make blackjack a profitable business.

Stasio began playing blackjack in Vegas when he was 21. After winning big and losing big for 30 years, he stumbled upon the book *Beat the Dealer* by mathematician professor Edward Thorp. That convinced him he could win consistently, but he found Thorp's system too difficult. It wasn't until Lawrence Revere wrote *Playing Blackjack as a Business* in 1977 that he grasped the system and turned it into an efficient winner. Alberta's casinos are the worst in the world for players, he says, with their 4:6 betting limit, restrictions on



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Frontlines

the number of hands playable and techniques that are profitable south of the border (inspiring puns, doubling down)

When Stabile arrived in Calgary in 1994, he supported himself playing blackjack for a year just to establish that it would be done in Alberta. But he recommends that his students not bother to try—Vegas pays off at \$100 an hour, Alberta players average between \$10 and \$15 an hour.

It's a strategy, not a system, that Stabile worked out in co-operation with an IBM computer expert, Julian Brown. Based on some million computer runs, they worked out the 500 possible hands that four decks of cards can produce in blackjack and computed what to do with every one of them. Students are taught, for instance, to split aces, to stand on 17, 18, 19, 20 and hit or not on low numbers depending on what the dealer is showing. The trick, of course, is to memorize all those combinations and never deviate from them. That way you break even. To make money, you combine that basic playing strategy with a counting system, whereby each card is assigned a value and as it's played you keep count. When your count is a negative, there are more small cards still to come, the odds are in the house's favor and you should ease back on bettings; when your count is positive, more large cards remain to be dealt, the play's in your favor and you should up your bets. "It's easier than it sounds," says Stabile's co-inventor.

While learning the strategy is essential, school organizers have other tips. In Vegas, players get better advice on the Strip than they do downtown, tip carefully because you may be giving away your earnings; play with as many other players as possible at the table (an impossibility in Alberta's crowded casinos); and never, if you're playing blackjack, even strategy, vary the amount of your bets. Card-counters are pariahs in Las Vegas (where they are sometimes searched, photographed and barred from all casinos) but Alberta casinos ignore them, says Ron Sheppard, chief gaming control inspector for the province. That's because Alberta's lot maximum means they simply can't make records in profits. Stabile agrees that Alberta casinos have nothing to worry about, though he does believe that anyone willing to work hard can make blackjack a paying business. But hardly anyone will, he says. It's human nature to go hopelessly for broke—people would rather rely on luck than hard work.

BARBARA ZWISLOCK

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Frontlines

A photography show finds its audience underground

For Toronto subway commuters stepping aboard car 5780 on the Yonge and Bloor lines last winter, there was a sight for short-blinded eyes. The car was lined not with the usual barrage of overhead advertising but with a whimsical collection of the best in Canadian contemporary photography. Dan Mark Holberg's *Rolling Landscape* exhibition turned a routine subway trip into a quick visit to a gallery on wheels.

The only problem with Holberg's first subway photo show was that car 5780 was constantly on the move and, for anyone trying to find the exhibition, frustratingly hard to track down. So this year Holberg, a free-lance photographer and curator with A Space gallery, has come up with a new gimmick, *Station-to-Station*, a three-month (to Nov. 29) display of billboard-size photos in 30 food locations underground. It may not have the delightful free-wheeling quality of *Rolling Landscape*, but even the occasional subway traveller will see at least some parts of the new show.

The subway's platforms and corridors may seem an unusual place to show photographs (by Ben Yeh, Bobbie Beaud, B.A. King, Gary Greenwood and others), but for Holberg, it's the idea is a natural. "I'm interested in using ad space for exhibitions," he says, "because it's proven to be an effective audience medium." While last year's exhibit walked around the theme of landscapes, this year's photos were chosen

B.A. King photo at Warden Station. "It was important they didn't look like ads."

for their individual qualities and include works by two pioneer Canadian artists, William Nassau, a turn-of-the-century Montreal portraitist, and landscape photographer John Henry Hooton. Holberg, not surprisingly, added an additional criterion to this year's selection. "It was important that they didn't look like ads."

While that may be true, the photos are not entirely devoid of a commercial slant. To help pay for the show, Holberg approached local photo galleries, some government agencies, and insurance corporations such as Robtson's and Truist Ad, the subway advertising group, which donated half of the four-foot by five-foot billboard spaces. The remainder of *Station-to-Station*'s \$12,000 budget came from Holberg's sponsor, A Space.

"We wanted the show this year to be an ongoing presence in the subway," says Holberg, who believes that non-commercial art should get equal space with ads in public transit facilities, "but planning so that scale requires simple resources." The 30 photos in the current group took Holberg and assistants three months to collect, curate, print and mount. But with *Station-to-Station* in place, Holberg has turned his planning to that scale requires simple resources. "Billboard art has been employed very little in Toronto," he says wistfully.

Sandra Bernstein

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Canada

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Round 1 and up for the count

By Robert Lewis

At times during the first week of the new Parliament, it seemed as though Canadian voters had grounds for a class-action suit—except of used goods after a five-month wait. There was Joe Clark in the Commons,

to the right of Mr. Speaker, but calling Pierre Trudeau "jane minister." Even more bizarre, after consistently endorsing high interest rates in Opposition, Clark stood defending the third Bank of Canada. Who knew he took over, this time is a record high of 12 per cent (see box). To be sure, the PM and his remarkable system, but it had Trudeau's own overtones. "We do live in an international circumstance which limits the flexibility of the government of Canada," he said. In the Senate, Lowell Murray, Clark's chief political tactician, was on his way to take a front-row seat where he could look across contemptuously at Trudeau's political partner, Keith Davey, but a guard stopped Murray to ask for identification. "I'm a senator," Murray spluttered—but it took Liberal Joe Guay to convince the guard to let Murray in.

"We are," summed up one senior Conservative party official, "still learning how to behave in government." Pierre Trudeau and the Liberals, it was obvious, were having the same problems in Opposition. Former finance minister Jean Chrétien finished the old Liberal campaign and ended successor John Crosbie that he had "not been able to find any new Pierre better than now." For his part, Pierre Trudeau seemed to be re-fighting the last election as he assailed Clark for bowing to the pressures. By week's end, however, it was clear the Liberals wanted an election

less than the Conservatives, as they refused to join in an NDP-sponsored vote against the government (see page 22). One powerful reason is that the Liberals are disappointed and are beginning to hope for a new leader to replace Trudeau after the Quebec referendum.



Parliament opens. "I'm just a prime minister," Clark says, "not a magician!"

That overtones added to the confusion and confusion that Clark displayed last week when he confronted Trudeau in Parliament and held the first of his weekly news conferences—the timing, at 9 a.m., reverses Trudeau's preference for late afternoon and re-

hears the PM's earlier-evening lifestyle and that the French latter is the early morning. Clark made clear that he intends to tough out criticism that he is weak in the face of strong interests, from Peter Lougheed to the oil companies. Looking squarely at Trudeau, Clark declared: "There was a pattern of things coming apart in Canada, of the centre being literally unable to hold. The lesson is that this nation cannot be ordered together. Whether or not he is making sense of his own reality, Clark seemingly underplays what Ottawa can do and, in the face of growing diversity in the regions, celebrates the differences. "I'm just a prime minister," he says. "I'm not a magician."

Not a poet, judging by the prosaic laundry-listing of plans revealed in the three speeches. While acknowledging the economy "as the greatest immediate challenge," the speech delivered by Governor-General Edward Schreyer placed more emphasis on reform of Parliament and its members. One reason is that Crosbie is not even sure of having enough support in time for his full budget because Clark and the premiers are still bawling behind the scenes over a new price for oil—reportedly set to rise 44 per barrel next year, following the PM's meeting with Lougheed last week in Montreal, where the Alberta premier landed after attending his Harvard reunion in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Now Clark has to talk Gagnon into going along, and he must devise a formula by avoiding conflict profits and recycling petro-dollars beyond Alberta and Saskatchewan. Another mine struck in the three speeches was the looming referendum in Quebec. Making the best of a bad time in the province, Clark argued in a CBC TV interview that focusing only

on the referendum gives it an importance it does not deserve. "If the referendum serves," he declared, "that could be sure at the end of the nation, which it won't be. If the referendum fails, that could be sure at the end of the union, which it won't be."

Clark, in effect, is asking people to make a leap of faith with him into Quebec. "The message which we are overheard in delivering is not to the premier of the province," he said under heavy backing from Liberals last week. "It is to the people of the province."

The problems caused by lack of representation there, however, are illustrated in reverse by two relatively minor but revealing developments in Western Canada since the Clark victory. In Edmonton, the airport customs service, previously shut down at midnight, now is open 24 hours to accommodate late arrivals and in Calgary, where suburban construction outpaces postal service, the post office has filled 146 vacant positions to come to full strength. Both moves come in response to strong pressure at the grassroots for



Clark, Ed and Lyle Schreyer: confident, crisp, sensitive and courteous

better service, pressure which was not detected by the Liberal government. More importantly, there is across Western Canada a firm sense for once that in Ottawa there is a government that speaks for westerners—and in



Broadbent, a child in a custody suit

strong Roman mode. Caring on his subtle driving skills during his 50-minute leaders' city speech, Trudeau professes rarely chided the new government for its decentralist approach to federal government and only touched on the Quebec referendum, wishing neither to assert himself as the federal heavyweight nor isolation himself as a one-issue leader. He gently rebuked the Conservatives for their inability to assemble an energy policy and agreed with the provinces on oil pricing. Further, he cautiously empathized with them on the problems of shadowing power. We will do our part, said a shrewdly cautious Trudeau, one week from his 60th birthday, to ensure that the burden and the office will pass quickly.

Historians note: there is no evidence that the Liberals are ideologically harboring the idea of bringing down the government that they failed to support an NDP Prime Minister's approach sub-assembly dealing with the late of Pellicani and instead chose to support the government as an act of reconciliation. The vote was symptomatic that they are in no hurry to rush back to the polls. The vote taken Thursday night was 203-217 with Quebec as a crucial vote. Librarians the only Liberal supporting the NDP amendment to make Pellicani the sole proponent of offshore oil and a major stake at all costs to coast.

Although the vote is in no hurry either to bring on its election, its strategy on Pe-

trude's language. Clark, if he is to fashion a lasting majority, must somehow convey the same sense to Quebecers. On that last march he has made only modest strides. The present acceptance of a report recommending expanded use of French in air traffic control last August is an example of his latest, as was the Senate appointment of distinguished Quebec businessman Arthur Tremblay—and even the designation of a Montreal lawyer to head out government legal work. In the same vein, the Tories also eagerly joined an all-party group-up last week to deny the four-man Cridite (led of Father Roy official status in the Commons, the theory being that if they are any Tory vote for the taking in Quebec, they are now held by the Cridite).

One clear change of tone in the first week of the new government, a legacy of years of Tory independence from party discipline, was a major emphasis in the chosen over interest rates led by Alvin Hamilton, the former Defense Minister, who so far has been left without any responsibilities under Clark. "That



Parliament Hill protesters: 'No more'

is not our policy," Hamilton declared, "and the cause is not going to accept

it." By week's end, Clark responded on the question of bank Governor Gerald Bony's future. Noting that his terms expire in February, Clark underlined to

Trudeau is clear. "We see it as our duty and an honor and a privilege to lead a summer and gave us a four-month head start." Another key leader of Broadbent who is grappling with Trudeau for prominence on the Peterson issue is if it were a child in a custody suit. Trudeau says he is the father of Pellicani. Well, he's some father. The Liberals are playing against games with a Broadbent pledge that his 25-member caucus would support the Liberal amendment on Peterson when it came to a vote Monday night. But he added: "I feel you right now there are a few more Liberals from that vote."

Broadbent's suggestion that the Liberals show no hesitation in having an election on the merits of Pellicani is a policy grounded in Liberal reality. At present the Liberal party coffers are almost depleted and the 1980s Liberalism which ran through the 70s is now on its last philosophical legs. The Liberal leadership question is at least implied in conversation, it is not openly debated and with the Quebec referendum approaching, and the Liberals' leaders would likely more concerned many of the party faithful think an early return to the electorate would be political suicide. Even youthful members of the leadership wing of the party are content to pay their dues on the Opposition back benches. "I'll go on an election early, it will not be with the intention of winning," said Levesque. The Conservatives will have their four years.



Trudeau: writes in the philosophical legs and no long-termed means every day

office while we do some housekeeping. Unless of course they think they can get a majority later."

In fact to introduce the slightly faded image in the party's choice. Trudeau will spend more time out of the House as party business than he did when he was prime minister. As much as he openly declared the mandate promise at attending fund-raising drives for his government last year, Trudeau has contracted to finish his former prime ministerial profile of upcoming functions in Edmonton, Calgary and Toronto. Said one Liberal member: "Trudeau may not like the crowd but it comes with the job."

And for the present, at least, the job is his. "You don't know the old staff when you're left with the blind in it, and one Liberal on it last weekend 5. Winnipeg Conference. The conference was the first time Liberal took back since since the party's election defeat. And although it included Trudeau it included 25 Liberal caucus members and former Liberal cabinet members Gerald McDougall, Otto Lang, John Roberts and Thomas Fox. Publicly his conference organizers, dismissed the notion that it was a jump Trudeau moment. Yet despite the fact that leadership was not openly discussed in the planned meetings in private conversation the impression was that the party shadow leader Trudeau had left no party in the shade.

Joe O'Hara

A rise and fall in dollars and sense

Tough times, with Finance Minister John Crosbie's bulldozed as he faced his maiden moment in the new Parliament last week in the dark shadow of the announcement that day raising Canada's bank rate for the 10th time in less than two years to a record-high of 13 per cent. Certainly the phrase applied as well to the economy as to his own hot seat in Parliament, as any who—even from within his own party—described a better explanation for the sudden pain.

Elsewhere the stock market went more profound. It was near panic. During those two days we had people cataloging in a frenzy if we were sold. For investment brokers such as CreditInvest Ltd. of the Toronto firm of J. A. Morgan Securities Limited, the telephone brought last week's stock market lull to a grisly echo of the infamous Black Tuesday from our crash that flunked the world into the Great Depression—an uncertainty two weeks

short of its 50th anniversary. The new stock market's bank rate increased in Canada and the U.S. joined an already overpriced market. Stocks tumbled. The bond market stumbled. While consumers sold

Finance Minister Crosbie and predecessor Jean Chrétien: shadows of Black Tuesday



Photo: AP/Wide World

borrowers shouldered the bad news that loan and mortgage rates had been pushed up another notch higher.

Still, the new Treasury in Ottawa held fast in support of central bank Governor Gerald Godin's decision to go ahead with rates once again—this time by three quarters of a per cent—it is possible is a steep

U.S. mortgage two days earlier is 12 per cent, a record rate for that country. Based on the currently fashionable economic theory that suppressed borrowing—especially in the housing market—will ease inflationary pressures, the latest move will see many mortgage Canadians borrowing paying interest rates of up to 16 per cent for new fixed rates and 17.75 per cent for conventional mortgages.

As many greeted Canada's move as proof at last to keep the Canadian dollar afloat in line with recent levels, but general confusion in world currency markets over the state of the North American economy clouded goal to further stabilize above and below \$400 per U.S.

It was the Toronto Stock Exchange that took the worst beating, dropping a billion jumps 115 points (about 10 per cent) in two days and causing paper losses estimated at \$4 billion. That may not be all but as a sign of the doom of speculation in the future. This new level is more in keeping with reality, says the Toronto investor Andrew Santos. "Things were beginning to get a bit out of hand with a lot of garbage stocks flying for higher than they were worth."

Anthony Whittington

make a decision on an extension for today by "late November or early December" because "there has been some uncertainty raised that should be resolved fairly quickly."

That flag, said Clark broadly, only proved that his parliamentary group, unlike the Liberal Liberals, "is no longer a caucus of sheep." As for the prime ministerial candidate for Trudeau, Clark had another suit come back. "I wanted to raise his hair be-

cause there is no question that some of these members are going to do so."

Parliament, confident, calm, evasive, courteous—these were some of the adjectives that marked Clark's first week in Parliament that never was there

overstated about the prospects for results. It is a wise strategy in these politically fickle times, which have brought down greater figures than Joe Clark. One classic example is former New York Mayor John Lindsay (Republican), whose right-hand man, written by the media adviser who made the image, David Glick. "We raised expectations too high. People expected him not to screw up, and the result was much worse when he did." Clark, in ef-

fect, has had the good fortune to follow early in his prime minister, notably on the Jerusalem embassy issue, and to be in hot water with Petro Canada. Starting this week with a task force report on Petrocan, and later this year with Robert Stanfield's railway, were reconsidered, Clark has a chance to redress his mistakes—and to get on with the task of proving he can run the country, even if, by self-definition, he's to be a backseat driver.

The resurrection of the Red

The Senate has been called a dumping ground for used politicians and for a time last Wednesday on the opening day of the upper chamber, it looked as though the stereotype still stood. When the session began with the traditional Indian invocation, one member pulled out the classified list another quipped on his criticism desk top still another appeared to be sitting in for a postponed trip. But when question period began the gardeners' cabinet gave away to a political prelude and here the whole Red Government had not seen in the Liberal and Conservative parties. They sent 171 to 205 proposed questions—all everything from oil prices to the increased bank rates—at the Tory front benches occupied among others by Con-



De Collett: top team from 'Watch for the Top'

servative cabinet ministers Robert de Collett (economic development), Michel Arsenault (senior advisor to the Canadian International Development Agency) and Jacques Fournier (justice).

Said Liberal Senator leader Ray Proulx of the aggressive approach which he feels could

save the much-maligned Senate from extinction. "We've been looking for a way to prove our relevance and this is it. As part of the overall Liberal Opposition strategy, we'll be trying to get these members to say something in the Senate to contribute what's being said in the Commons. However, Opposition leader Pierre Trudeau has said he has no intention of using his senatorial power to obstruct legislation."

Just as Liberal senators will be heading off with Conservative members to pick their attack. The Conservatives have been devising a strategy to protect their cabinet members from being backstabbed in the Senate. Apart from being nailed for questions posed along with other Tory members the senior members will have little time for the attack. The Conservatives have been devising a strategy to protect their cabinet members from being backstabbed in the Senate. Apart from being nailed for questions posed along with other Tory members the senior members will have little time for the attack. The Conservatives have been devising a strategy to protect their cabinet members from being backstabbed in the Senate. Apart from being nailed for questions posed along with other Tory members the senior members will have little time for the attack.

although de Collett, showed that no amount of messages would assure that senators "would be precisely the same" from one chamber to the next.

De Collett, who was elected in the Senate and the other cabinet after the Ottawa election on Feb. 22, was the first of the Liberal senators last week. He shared a bench with Prime Minister Clark's top political aide, Lowell Murray, and the two of them looked like a team from the Red for the Top as they considered on answers. There's a break from the verbal wheel and shell. De Collett appeared outside the Senate looking frustrated, saying "I feel totally uncomfortable in it. No more so than when he was returned by reporters that after a few minutes, Trudeau had announced that he'd either resign from the cabinet or run in one of the New York 100 backlogs. Commented de Collett after his first day on the Senate floor last night. "If he kept up, maybe I will."

Joan O'Hara

British Columbia

An 'F' in creative writing

Dirty tricks, deep throats, dancing paper recordings, back-passing and screaming back to the man at the top the temptation was too strong for the B.C. media to label the story anything but "Lettorgate." The scandal began to surface at a public Social Credit constituency meeting last month when Jack Kelly, senior researcher for the Social Credit government's caucus members, bragged that he often routinely copied letters to the editor that praised the government and signed them with names and addresses placed at random from the phone book.

J. Lettorgate, who'll change it to M. T.M. Lettorgate, living at the same address, and send it in and it's printed." By now laughter is rippling through the audience. Another researcher, Allen MacKay, adds "It's quite a bit after to do these things might think." Then Kelly came up. "As I said, we speculate in dirty things and we don't mind."

In April, 119 cassette tapes of that tape were given to candidates in the election the following month, which would narrowly return the Socialists to power. The government side who commissioned the original recording—fortunately with no 10-minute gap to erase the researcher's remarks—was George Louie, executive assistant to Deputy Premier Grace McCarthy. The government side who authorized Distribu-

Cartoonist Roy Peterson's view of the Lettorgate scandal, and Kelly's 'dirty things'



But none of the researchers had written a playlet published last March in the Victoria Times and The Daily Colonist. Saving a minister in the former S.C. government, it bore the forged signature of well-known New Democrat Gordon Trenchard, to whom the newspapers later apologized. After the researchers' tactics were reported, disgruntled government sources leaked the details of the Townsend letter's real author, Ron Gregg, when assistant to Dave Brown, a former adman now on Premier Bill Bennett's staff as communications adviser to the provincial cabinet.

The web of complexity widened early this month with the discovery of a tape recorded in Vancouver last fall during a pre-election seminar for Social Credit assembly presidents. On the tape Jack Kelly describes how the caucus staff faked letters to the editor "We'll take somebody living in the area, like Mr.

Let's see if the tapes to candidates was Dan Campbell, the premier's executive director of intergovernmental relations. Campbell, McCarthy and Bennett all claimed to have had no knowledge of the tapes' controversial contents—and, after discussing the idea of recorded letters, the premier left with adviser Dave Brown on an Amazon sales trip.

At week's end, creative writers Jack Kelly and Ron Gregg had offered their own positions. But nobody else was willing to accept responsibility for Lettorgate. Caucus chairman Jack Kemp had said he had done so wrong. Grace McCarthy said any complaints about her executive assistant should be addressed to the party, for whom he had been working at the time. A high-ranking party official passed the potboiler hotly back to the government. "Listen, it's their show and somebody should stand up and come clean." Everybody, it seemed, was eager to have Bill Bennett come home.

Reporters looking for clarification of the September news story dated late Friday by Bennett when he recovered from his two-week travel mission. Pleasing that he had been awake for 38 hours, he deflected questions and promised to look into new developments—before he dashed into thick Vancouver fog for his trip home to his family.

Paul Grescoe

Till death did them part

“Whenver I prepare for a journey,” Katherine Mansfield wrote in 1922, “I prepare as though for death.” The New Zealand writer was preparing for a trip to Paris where, a year later, she died of a lung haemorrhage.

Betty Joy Belshaw, an English instructor at the University of British Columbia, went to France and Switzerland last winter to visit Katherine Mansfield's work—and, like her fellow New Zealanders, died during her pilgrimage. In March, Swiss road workers found a decomposed corpse near the Lepiaz ski resort southeast of Lake Geneva. Not until late September did police finally identify it as the body of 59-year-old Betty Belshaw.

The death caused a sensation in Switzerland—where newspapers christened it *L'affaire Belshaw*—and in Vancouver where her husband had returned to teach in 1992. Cyril Belshaw, 51, a distinguished anthropologist, is president of the International Union of Anthropological and Ethnological Sciences. Last week, as disquieting new evidence emerged, Swiss authorities asked Belshaw to fly back for questioning.

In December, as expected, the couple had taken a half-year leave at \$2,000 a month on an apartment in the tiny Alpine village of Le Seyez in western Switzerland. On Jan. 15, Belshaw reported to Paris police that her wife was missing. He had last seen her, he said, as she boarded the Paris subway on her way to a library. Interpol circulated her description through its missing-persons bulletin, but neither French nor Swiss police found any hard clues to her disappearance. Cyril Belshaw returned to his comfortable home near the university and to his two grown children, Dana and Adrian.

On March 28, the Swiss highway employees found a nude body lying beside the winding road leading from Aigle to the Haute Valley to Le Seyez. The body and legs were wrapped in plastic. There were signs of sexual abuse. The female corpse was so severely decomposed that immediate identification was impossible but, after six months' work, police at the



Cyril and Betty Joy Belshaw: a nude body lying beside the road, signs of sexual abuse



Yard regalia matched four gold medals and other individual medals found in the skull with the Vancouver dental records of Betty Belshaw

In late September, two District of Vancouver police detectives, Claude Wynn and Jean-Marie Puchner, spent four days in Vancouver questioning Belshaw and others about the mysterious death. Last week, Yael Eisenmajer, Magistrate Daniel Roussaud said the professor had been asked to go to Switzerland for more interviews. Belshaw's lawyer, Harry McLaughlin, will only say that his client, who returned from Europe in June, "has been among the authorities for one month."

Then early this month a concierge at a chalet called Le Jolie in Le Seyez recognized Mrs. Belshaw's picture as a Swiss newspaper, *Événement*. Yael Eisenmajer, lead Swiss police that the Belshaws arrived driving a beige-green Citroën 2000 last December. "They both came and said 'Hello' and told us how much they liked the apartment so we

living in which is directly below them. Along with my wife, I met them three times to time, either in the laundry or around the chalet." He also told the police that after Cyril Belshaw had returned from a trip to Paris, Yveline thought he saw Betty Belshaw at the nearby ski-set resort of Courmayeur. "In Yveline's, the children have holidays between Jan. 20 and Feb. 8. At that time my mother came to visit as from Yveline with my children," Yveline told police. "While she was here we saw Mrs. Belshaw. She was carrying a red handbag and doing her marketing in the village."

On the trip campaign, Betty Belshaw is being mourned as a popular senior instructor in English, a runner-up for the university's Master Teacher's Award. Colleagues recall her as an elegant, carefully dressed woman. Donald Stephens, acting head at the English department, says: "She could make a batch of croissants, go home and make dinner for 38 people, have her hair done while reading a novel and look at things she picked up of a fashion magazine."

About 500 of her friends gathered in a university theatre last week, with her husband and children, to play some of Betty Joy Belshaw's favorite Mozart horn concertos and read farewell lines from Wordsworth. "Such sights, or worse, as are before me here—not without hope we suffer and we mourn."

Paul Grescoe

Manitoba

The Winnipeg disconnection

When Manitoba Labor Minister Ken MacMaster solemnly warned Winnipeg homeowners last month that as many as 26,000 houses might have faulty gas-line connections on furnaces, hot water heaters and other natural-gas appliances, the province's successions seemed to disbelieve. At any other time, the services might have greeted MacMaster as an out-of-season Santa Claus, but at the time of the year they are already softly booked with fall furnace maintenance checks. Then the calls grew worried. Winnipeggers began to flood in, all of them demanding to know how dangerous their connections were and how soon they might be replaced. One major gas appliance servicer, Winnipeg Supply, quickly booked a waiting list of 500 and doesn't expect to clear the backlog until Christmas.

The rush was an after effect it was recalled

The Aikland house: smelling gas and a rat

that a June explosion, which killed the 20-month-old daughter of Tim and Linda Aikland, was caused by a faulty furnace connector bearing the initials AGA (American Gas Association).

As provincial government advisors warned people to contact servicers immediately if their connectors had metal bands bearing the AGA initials, Leo O'Brien, an assistant provincial fire commissioner who investigated the fatal Aikland explosion, found the flaws by revealing that reports given him by Greater Winnipeg Gas Company officials showed the faulty connector problem was widespread.

However, Al Fraser, a member of the Manitoba Gas Advisory Council and president of Paramount Heating Ltd., accused the provincial government of prematurely panicking people. Fraser claimed that the furnace that exploded had been converted from propane gas, which contains corrosion such as sulphuric acid. MacMaster stuck to his guns, saying he knew of problems with connectors that had never been fixed for propane.

Others got on the bandwagon, including star leadership hopeful Russell Doern, who declared that the great gas scare was a political ploy designed to win this week's three legislative Sads Doers. "No sooner was the hysteria called than Ken MacMaster smelled gas. Sterling Lyon smelled votes and I smelled a rat." He accused the Tories of manufacturing the crisis and demanded that the minister produce five economists' reports.

Reps the growing Linda Aikland of the controversy. "I wonder if these naps the alarm a premature would say the same if they'd lost one of their children, if they'd been in the middle of a blizzard, exploding inferno, if one of their children had to suffer this grief, and if they carried scars to the end of their days. It happened to us and it can happen to others."

Peter Carlyle-Godwin



The Yukon

The true North strong and freer

“Im going home to paint my kitchen.” With that, the Yukon's commissioner and chief executive officer, Iain Christensen, resigned last Tuesday in a disguised protest against the territory's poll-mad dash toward



Christensen: had added to the nation game

democracy. Christensen, 46, who had been appointed a seat 18 months ago by former Indian affairs and northern development minister Hugh Pickens with a mandate to lead the Yukon down the road to responsible government, had been almost ignored by the Conservatives in Ottawa since the May 22 election. When Pickens's replacement, Jake Epp, transferred all his executive power to the elected members of the Yukon legislature, Christensen picked up his briefcase and walked out.

A fourth-generation Yukoner whose great-grandfather and grandfather climbed the Chilkoot Pass on the gold-rush trail of 1898, Christensen won't mind to accept the largely ceremonial task of acting as a lieutenant-governor in a province that isn't yet Epp's reply to the news of his resignation was typical of the chilly relationship between the two. He accused Christensen of slouching in the way of democracy. By reducing the territorial role and abolishing the post of deputy commissioner entirely, Epp set in motion a series of changes that will celebrate in fully responsible government in the Yukon and a chance to exercise the option of provincehood promised by Prime Minister Joe Clark in last spring's elec-

tion trail. Epp promised to change the Yukon Act to shift the power formally and, at the same time, added fuel to the Yukon's name game. For years, territorial officials have been calling itself a legislative assembly and Epp has now approved the executive committee calling itself a cabinet, its members ministers and the leader of the government, Glen Pearson, can use the appellation premier—even though, formally, the territory still isn't a province.

The Yukon Progressive Conservative party, which holds 11 of the 16 seats in the legislature, has been pushing for constitutional change and it now controls the crucial Finance portfolio—in effect, giving the elected legislature away over a budget of \$100 million, which is subdivided by 501 villages from Ottawa. Christensen's quarrel is not with the direction of events, simply with the speed of constitutional change.

Liberal Opposition leader Iain MacKay echoes her sentiments, claiming that the Yukon PCs are grabbing for provincial status without studying its cost, settling Indian land claims or holding a promised referendum on the question. The Conservatives retort that fully responsible government falls short of provincehood, but MacKay insists that Alberta became a province without control of its resources and the Yukon is now very close to the same status.

"Premier" Pearson says he won't use the title, but he is clearly delighted that his government has won so much power from Ottawa in such a short time. The Yukon will get another chance to fix its muscles in the economics of Christensen's replacement. That is why he is former Whitehorse Mayor John Hyslop. At a news conference the old guard in the territory. Her nomination, expected during the current session of the legislature, will be either stepped by Epp in a distinct departure from the days when federal ministers chose their representatives to go north and keep the locals in line.

As for Christensen, he won't let him lag to finish painting his kitchen and, with municipal elections two months away, the former Whitehorse mayor must soon show how he feels about the political aspect. A two-year stint as mayor of the Yukon's capital and largest city would finish just as the next territorial elections approach. Christensen is already making it public about the formation of a Yukon party to challenge the current government. As a politician who once led the revolt of both the Indian and white communities, Christensen may provide a kinder option to Pearson's plans as a political opportunist than she did as a powerful bosswoman.

Paul Solberg

Castro's second debut

By Pete Christoffer

Cuba's Fidel Castro sang a few stanzas song last week as he continued to redefine the word "assaulted." Following up on his performance at the 30-nation conference of assembled nations in Havana last month, he indicated once again, this time to the United Nations General Assembly, that his idea of political neutrality leans much more toward Moscow than to Washington.

The bulk of his speech was devoted, in classic Marxist terms, to an analysis of the world's economic problems. He faulted the West for trying to blame the oil shortage on petroleum-exporting countries, many of which are members of the misaligned group, where the real blame lay with the capitalist countries' and the multinational's over-consumption. He also condemned United States peacekeeping efforts in the Middle East, and drew his biggest applause when he termed the plight of the Palestinian people a "symbol of the most terrible crime of our era."

Castro at the UN (top) and with Nikita Khrushchev in New York in 1960 trying to seal rifts too deep for a single Band-Aid.



But despite the rhetoric, by the normal standards of Castro harangues his speech was both shorter (a mere two hours) and less abrasive. He refused, for instance, to take the Carter administration to task over the nearby issue of the Soviet troops in Cuba, explaining: "I have not come here to denounce attacks that a small but worthy country has been subject to, nor to wage a powerful neighbor in its own house." And Western analysts theorized that the change of tone indicated a switch in tactics by the Cuban leader.

They recalled that in Havana many of the misaligned countries objected to Cuba's obvious attempts to wrest the leadership of the movement from the respected, leader-figure of Yugoslav's Marshal Josip Broz Tito. Castro's more statesmanlike tone, they speculated, was intended to heal some of the rifts. These, however, may have been too deep for a single Band-Aid. The Cuban leader had been scheduled to address a misaligned countries' meeting while at the UN. But the session was abruptly cancelled.

The Castro visit represented the latest in a succession of events this year which have shown that the United Nations still has the ability to make headlines, if not peace. The resignation of former U.S. ambassador Andrew Young, following his official/official contacts with the Palestinians, was timed perfectly to draw unprecedented attention to the start of this year's session. Then came the visit, at the beginning of the month, of Pope John Paul II.

Indeed, the current publicity-rendered veteran UN-members of the United Nations "Summit" Assembly of 1968. This

gathering, immortalized when then-Soviet leader Nikita Khrushchev angrily banged his shoe on a delegate's table, featured such world personalities as India's Jawaharlal Nehru, Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and Britain's Harold Macmillan. The cast has changed dramatically in the past 29 years, but one prominent figure remains—Soviet diplomat Andrei Gromyko, then, as now, his country's foreign minister.

Fidel Castro, then only 33 and Cuba's leader for little more than one year, managed to carry off more than his share of headlines even then. He addressed the General Assembly for a record 4½ hours and evoked new security problems by moving his entrance from midtown Manhattan to the Hotel Theresa on Harlem's 128th Street. This time his plans were uncertain, too. He reportedly wanted to arrange a meeting with U.S. congressmen and, asked about the Big Apple, said he liked New York enough to remain 10 days.

The cops, however, were hoping for a shorter stay. In an effort proclaimed as one of the largest in history, more than 2,000 officers, using everything from motorcyclops to helicopters, guarded the Cuban Mission to the United Nations where Castro was staying. They were joined by a large detail of secret servicemen and Castro's own bodyguards, sporting distinctive fur hats and, in the line of weaponry, everything from pistols to machine guns.

A four-block area around the Cuban Mission was declared a frozen zone, barricaded and closed to all traffic. Residents had to prove, in some cases by exhibiting their houses, that they ac-

tually lived in the area and even then were personally escorted to their homes by police officers. Needless to say, all passengers bound for the mission security area were checked, one disgruntled man had to open a bag of dirty shirts destined for the laundry.

The huge demonstrations that police overpowered from members of the large Cuban exile community (and a small pro-Castro group) never materialized. There was one scuffle between anti-Castro forces and one of Castro's security guards, but crowds were extremely sparse. Said one Cuban exile: "I hate the man, but what's the point of all that publicity-risk on the streets?" The weather, too, may have had something to do with it. New York experienced an agreeably early snowstorm and throughout remained cold, wet, and dismal. Said an unhappy cop, stomping his feet on a rainy corner: "The least this guy could have done was to bring some Cuban weather with him." ☐

Kampuchea

A raging battle amid the starving

The ear-splitting crash of artillery shells began as dawn broke. Vietnamese gunners poured 40 to 50 rounds into Khmer Rouge camps just inside Kampuchea's (Cambodia's) western border, sending as many as 10,000 estimated women, children and old men struggling through dense jungle into Thailand, where army patrols provided them with makeshift camps already swarming with thousands who fled earlier. Their hurried exodus served notice that the Vietnamese army



Kampuchean in Thai camp after fleeing out

had begun its earnest offensive designed to rid Kampuchea of opposition to its puppet Heng Samrin government in Phnom Penh, which promises to complete hopefully the \$100-million international relief effort being planned to save the country's famine-stricken population.

By its military action—directed not only at Khmer bases on the western border but also at the Cardamom Mountain headquarters of the Khmer leader, Pol Pot, deposed last January by a Vietnamese invasion—Vietnam also clearly hoped to achieve the goal that eluded it at the United Nations last month: recognition of Heng Samrin as the unopposed Kampuchean head of state.

Until recently the Vietnamese battle plans had been thwarted by monsoon floods. But with the dry season beginning, their 200,000-strong army, led by chief of staff General Van Dan Dung, launched its artillery barrages in preparation for massive tank and air attacks

expected in the coming weeks.

As the battle heated up, the outflow soared for more than two million starving Kampuchean. Reports from relief agency personnel who witnessed the effects of the famine—years of war have prevented the people from planting crops—were sobering. CARA's Jim Howard and children were scoring the towns for food "like a plague of mice," while patients lucky enough to be in hospitals looked like victims of Auschwitz. Francine Vandermeersch, a French nun, said that convulsions had broken out in some areas while half the women of child-bearing age had become sterile through "starvation, forced labor and fear." Children of 9 or 14, she added, looked half their age with their "emaciated faces, distended bellies and ribs poking out."

At week's end attempts by the International Committee of the Red Cross and UNICEF to get a \$100-million, six-month relief operation under way (the major donors include the U.S., Japan, Switzerland and the European Community), remained stalled by the political bickering of the Heng Samrin government in Phnom Penh. All aid, it declared, must be distributed by its officials and none should go to Pol Pot sympathizers. A Vietnamese spokesman bluntly explained the reasoning. The relief operation, he charged, "was a big smoke screen to stall the final attack on Pol Pot's forces."

As a result of Phnom Penh's intransigence, only a trickle of aid had reached Kampuchea by week's end. The tally included 2,000 tons of food and medical supplies rushed to bases at the Thai border and, reportedly, 200,000 tons of Soviet aid sent to Phnom Penh. But



"Crucial in country's progress that life and well-being directly to the population, not to military personnel."

that was reported to have been snatched from the civilians by the Khmer Rouge or their Vietnamese opponents. And while warred arrived on the weekend, a shipment to the port of Kampuchea by (SEA) was probably too late for at least 500,000 Kampuchians although the Vietnamese refused sufficiently to allow the agency to distribute it in Phnom Penh. As one relief official said, "Horrific as it sounds, we have mentally written them off as we try to save those we can."

James Fleming
with correspondent's files

Namibia

The 'white bishop' plots his moves

By Dan Turner

With the drama of Zimbabwe Rhodesia continues to hold centre stage in African politics. Namibia (Southwest Africa) waits in the wings—and the longer it waits, the more jittery Dirk Mudge seems to get. Mudge is the Bishop Abel Muzorewa of Namibia, with one notable difference—he is white. He is the leader of the moderate party—the Democrats in Turnhalle Alliance (DITA)—which the South African government has promised to take over as independent Namibia when the outside world extricates the territory from Pretoria's hands. Last week South Africa was still studying the latest proposal from the Western Five (Canada included) for UN-supervised elections to be held.

South Africa has maintained its grip on its mineral-rich, windswept neighbor since it was granted a League of

Nations mandate 55 years ago. Despite furious protests from the UN, backed by the International Court of Justice, that its presence is illegal, the mandate expired with the league. Like Muzorewa, Mudge and his band of mainly black followers represent the hopes of some whites—including South African Prime Minister P.W. Botha—that if majority rule must come (Namibia has 100,000 whites, more than one million blacks) it should do so without the radical change threatened by SWAPO, the Marxist-oriented South West African People's Organization, which has been conducting a low-key war against South African troops on Namibia's northern border for 35 years.

When negotiations between South Africa and the Western Five (the other members are Britain, the U.S., France



Mudge (left) and guerrilla supporters: a question of unkept promises to blacks



and Germany) sounder last fall, the South Africans were quick to grant Mudge his wish—an internally supervised election. When SWAPO and other black-led parties boycotted the election, preferring to wait for the UN, Mudge's DITA closed as 41 of the 56 seats in what has evolved into a national assembly, with some legislative powers subject to veto by a South African administrator-general.

For Mudge, the outcome was perfect. It gives the DITA breathing space to establish itself as a representative and responsible government worthy of the voters' support when a legitimate election does come along—a badly needed tail, since most objective observers felt that a year ago SWAPO would have out-pollled the DITA.

A year later, however—a year in which South Africa pulled more than 60 SWAPO workers who operated inside the territory, leaving the internal wing of the party in disarray—many of Namibia's most diligent political observers estimate that the DITA's strength is actually waning.

Kelwyn Soke, secretary of the Council of Churches in Namibia, says Mudge, who told Muzorewa a year ago that "the blacks are simple people...but you must never give them false promises," made too many promises he hasn't kept. It wasn't just that a woman who went shopping after the election thought she could pay for her groceries with a DITA membership card. The party also promised that a vote for the DITA was a vote for independence this year, which hasn't happened, and that the economy would improve (it has become worse), and finally that the black man would get an equal share with the whites, and that hasn't happened either.

Blacks may now buy property in areas formerly restricted to whites, but since education and wealth have been almost exclusively white prerogatives for generations only a handful have been able to afford to do so. It is now legal for whites and blacks to marry, but David Tsangura, former co-chairman of SWAPO's internal wing, observes that no more than 20 couples have done so. Hospitals, state schools, public retirement funds, the newly opened Windhoek Teachers' College and many other facilities, meanwhile, are still segregated.

Another part of Mudge's problem is a white backlash, and even the black members of the DITA, who are not noted as militants, are beginning to complain, for instance, that major announcements invariably come from a white mouth (usually Mudge's) although the party is supposed to be made up of 39 black tribal components and one white. Mudge is anxious to stem any erosion of the DITA's authority. But at the same

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himself by her. Her South African sponsors appear anxious to get on with UN-supervised elections. South Africa's negotiations with the Western countries broke down last spring over two relatively minor issues: supervision of a ceasefire on the Angola border and the presence of SWAPO forces on Namibian territory. And although British envoy Sir James Murray has presented proposals for a 60-mile corridor sanctuary along the border, Pretoria seems to be happy to reply.

The president's Diamondgate

A scenario go if there's nothing less than a scandal. Le Monde's Etienne Pons, publishing French President Valéry Giscard's activities as a billionaire, which showed he had been rather weak playing the stock market—last week disclosed a major political scandal by charging that he had been even more fortunate with personal gifts he had received from newly deposed Central African Emperor Bokassa I. With careful footnoting, Pons' article, which was reprinted in an alleged copy of a 1975 letter from Bokassa ordering a 30-carat agency of diamonds for a M. Giscard d'Estaing (Giscard was then French Empire minister)—a little present worth an estimated \$250,000.

Doing one's job in an uncomfortable

It may be that Pons is playing for time to get the DTA into a position of strength. Mudge has publicly asked that his assembly be given executive powers, while Bokassa has asked for administrative powers. Dr. Gerrit Viljoen, chairman of the powerful Broederbond society which controls Afrikaans cultural and political life, presumably to placate the whites.

But the other theory is that Pons wants the task to fail, paving the way for Mudge to make a unilateral declaration

of "Independence" as Ian Smith did 14 years ago in Rhodesia. "That may seem strange to you, given what's happened to Rhodesia," said a Windhoek journalist, last week. "But you've got to remember that the South Africans will go to any extreme not to have another hostile government on the edge of their border and to guarantee that they've got to be sure the DTA could beat SWAPO." Right now, that's something they could not do.



Pons and (below) Hirsland: a taste for a Gilded-gate on the press and accounts

several protective bodies were reportedly waived off by the government to allow an unknown group to take over. One month later, Hirsland, who had bought Le Figaro the previous year, was revealed to be a 50-per cent owner. Much the same scenario was repeated when Renault bought British Renault's Renault's (L'Espresso) was the perfect touch.

When opposition politicians denied against Hirsland's growing monopoly, he was quickly indicted under a duty that forbade multiple ownership of the press. But opponents denied that the case was ever come to trial and pointed out that the government has Hirsland get where they want him—in their side but they wanted not to own his house.

Increased regulation from the Giscard party for a parliamentary investigation into government control of the media prompted a six-month inquiry. But late last month, the government's great surprise, it rejected a move to 20 newspaper lines at white-ink and, like many another French hot police, it quickly faded into yesterday's news.

The left unit as early as Giscard's Diamondgate. "Giscard's attempt to be involved in his competitors is contained in his media," Pons' friends were out only when Pons said that the writing has rules of much of the French press is under of a duck's back.

Mered McConville



U.S.A.

Kissinger's bout with Frostbite

By Ian Urquhart

It has been almost three years since Henry Kissinger stepped down as secretary of state, the chief architect of foreign policy for the world's most powerful nation, and returned, ostensibly, to the quiet life of academia. But Kissinger never really left center stage. And last week he was in the headlines again, this time as the result of a television interview. It wasn't so much what he said as the controversy surrounding it that captured attention now, which is saying Kissinger's reported \$1 million fee for years for his subsequent appearances before [its cameras], his television personality David Frost, a notoriously tough customer, to conduct the interview. And Frost here is on Kissinger over his role in the secret, backing and subsequent invasion of Cambodia during the Nixon administration. The line of questioning closely paralleled the thesis of *Sideshow*, a book by British journalist William Shawcross which argues that the Nixon-Kissinger policies were the root cause of Cambodia's current plight.

Used to more flattery treatment,

"Kissinger once received a reported \$1 million for the first interview he gave to a newspaper in London, *Shreds & Puffs*, an opinion column, and even a year earlier he was the first to be interviewed by the *New York Times*, and up to \$100,000 for every speech he delivered.

Kissinger bristled at the questions—on at Frost's repeated interrogations of his answers. At one point—edited out by NBC—Kissinger accused Frost of "a totally one-sided and misleading presentation of events." Reported Frost: "Okay, well, I think that's nonsense."

After the taping, a furious Kissinger reportedly threatened to pull out of the show, although a second segment, touching on other subjects, was to be recorded next day. To mollify Kissinger, the NBC brass apparently asked Frost to cool it. That enraged Frost, who accused one of a breach of "fundamental journalistic ethics," a charge the network denied. The whole dispute subsequently became public, which didn't hurt the ratings last week.

Other than showing Kissinger as an uncharacteristically defensive posture, however, the interview was basically a condensed version of his speeches, the first volume of which, *White House Years*, will be published next week. Excerpts have already appeared in *Time*, including several superb vignettes of world leaders.

Mac Taylor: I have met no one, with the possible exception of Charlie de Gaulle, who so distilled raw, concentrated willpower. He dominated the room by making the overabundance drive to general.

Chris Frost: He was one of the two or three most impressive men I have ever

met. He was equally at home in philosophy, reminiscences, historical analysis, tactical probes, humorous repartee.

Leonid Brezhnev: Quite unusually Russian. While he boasted of Soviet strength, one had the sense that he was not really at that sure of it.

But the evening's most fascinating portrait is that of Nixon. The book is laced with anecdotes that show him as vain, insecure, unable to communicate, and afraid of face-to-face encounters. Writes Kissinger: "It was hard to avoid the impression that Nixon, who thrived on crisis, also craved disasters." Asked by Frost if he deliberately set out to savage Nixon, Kissinger replied carefully that he wanted only "to describe events as they occurred." Then he added: "I believe that eventually he [Nixon] can only be rendered adequately by a great dramatist and not by a biographer."

What next for Kissinger? He could probably be elected president, so great is his current stature, but a constitutional provision bars the post to anyone not born in the country (Kissinger was born in pre-war Germany). But he is wisely rumored to be considering a run for the Senate next year. Until then, he is busy mulling on the second volume of his memoirs, making money, and creating controversy. ☐





County houses and Hogan 'incomeless'

(U.S.) on all new houses sold within its jurisdiction, any sold for less will not be allowed access to sewer and water systems. The executive figures that anybody who can afford to buy \$65,000 houses will pay enough in local income taxes—estimated by the Proposition 13-type law—to compensate for the additional cost to the county of servicing his lot.

Before the \$65,000 rule came into effect, that full, low-income families had looked on the Maryland county as an island of sanity in the region's crazy housing market. Prices of more than \$200,000 for two-bedroom condominiums are common in Washington proper and the average price for a house in Maryland's Montgomery County was \$202,000 in the first eight months of 1979, against \$59,520 for Prince

George's. "We have become the place where all the low-cost housing is being built," complains Larry Hogan, the county's chief executive.

But when the voters of Prince George's approved the Tax Reduction Revenue Measure (TRRM) in a referendum last fall, they left the county in an impossible situation. Unlike Proposition 13 in California, TRRM did not seek to restrict the property-tax rate. Instead, it froze the total amount of revenue the county can raise through the property tax at last year's level—about \$142 million—in perpetuity, regardless of future inflation or population growth.

The executive's solution has met with considerable criticism, however, and not just from low-income families. Developers, who were making money building cheap housing, and local businessmen, who counted on the occupants to make up their work force, oppose the \$65,000 rule. And county council served notice last week it might overrule the executive and approve new housing below the floor price. "It is not just a question of new people coming into the county," said council Chairman Bill Anagnostis. "It's about our own young people." Will he say, "Get out. We don't want you anymore?"

Hogan says such arguments are "a lot of nonsense." There will still be enough low-cost housing available from the existing supply, but if the county does not act soon to attract more high-income families, Prince George's will join Cleveland and New York on the municipal welfare rolls. "If council chooses to ignore the executive's recommendation," he declares, "it is going to harm itself with that and cause a lot of other trouble." —*Lee Ungerecht*

On the American Medical Association, Folsom, Prince and Carville had. Church spokesman says the documents were obtained legally through the Freedom of Information Act. They also confirm that the reserve's needs (124 jobs) were needed in Los Angeles where there were doctors and urologists. In this way, the report by Judge William Bryant, Folsom's colleague, in August, Bill Folsom estimates the fix.

This case is just one of many battles the Church of Scientology is taking on against U.S. officials. The church has a \$150-million conspiracy case pending against the government and at least 30 unresolved Freedom of Information Act suits, according to spokesmen. Even if the government's attorney Ronald Hays wins on the 11 already submitted—awaiting a lengthy trial—it may be many more months before the conspiracy case is really decided. —*Catherine Fox*



Business

The new Brascan opens for business

By Anthony Wittingham

They both prefer blue polyester, cut from an ample belt of cloth. But Conrad Black is like a golf-sleek and immediate—while Trevor Ryan more resembles a budget—lumbering, bean-fisted and ever-so-slightly rampaging, like a high-backed leather personified in checkered suit. Neither is exactly the liking of Alfred Pown, who is far more at home in trim brown or gray herringbones, but if he had to choose between the two younger men, he might pick Black as a bridge partner and Ryan for a fishing trip.

In the affairs of Noranda Mines Ltd., the filices and diadems of Alfred Pown are not mere trappings that can be easily overlooked as Noranda's president. Pown presides over the affairs of the largest Canadian-owned mining conglomerate and heads one of the most stable, loyal and entrenched company management teams in the country. Noranda is a subsidiary. That Pown fits so comfortably about Conrad Black was enough for Noranda and, ultimately, enough for Black as well. Last week's departure of Black, vice-chairman of Hollinger Argus Ltd., as Noranda's largest shareholder, to be replaced as key player by Trevor Ryan, president of Brascan Ltd., may have been outside Pown's control, and almost certainly portends even greater changes at Noranda than Pown might like. But even if

it means learning to adjust to a powerful new presence on the bridge, especially in the form of a navigator, it is still probably easier for Pown than trying to second-guess Black's intentions, which, what, will be finally dropped out of the running, remained busy, even threatening.

Noranda mine: Pown (below) a partner for whom competition is unknown



Whether the move had to gain a firm grip on Noranda—first by buying out the Argus holding and later on a series of smaller, separate purchases—was the signal move had been awaiting ever since the company passed into the hands of Peter and Edward Brodman early last summer, after one of the most controversial and controversial corporate battles in Canadian history. When then, Brascan has been all but silent, sitting on its vast cash reserves of more than \$600 million and plotting its first big move while buying itself with internal consolidations. Trevor Ryan—called larger and chief deal maker for the Brascan's Edgar Investment Ltd. investment wing—was named Brascan's chief executive officer. And Brascan seems to have made some kind of peace with former chairman John Moore-Brisson, opponent of the Brascan take-over, by placing new chairman Peter Brodman and Trevor Ryan on the board of 245-per-cent-owned John Labatt Ltd., the London, Ontario, brewing and food products giant, of which Moore is still chairman.

The major move Noranda, however, is the first clear indication of Brascan's likely future direction—and strategy. Noranda's strength as a mining and forest-products operation makes good Brascan's stated intention—at least for the time being—to invest in natural resource companies. That Brascan, so far, has spent little from its own pool of capital to purchase the Noranda shares—among a 10-year promissory note for Argus Black—is typical of the Edgerton-inspired shrewd, leveraged and clear indication that Brascan still has even bigger plans in store. And Brascan's stated intention to limit its purchase to "about 20 per cent" of Noranda's shares (by last week, including the Argus Black, it had accumulated just over 13 per cent) is probably a fair indication of Brascan's future strategy of acquiring significant, though slightly less than majority, control over its chosen investment vehicles. With Noranda, even a 20-per-cent holding would give Brascan effective control, as the shares are widely held throughout the country, with no other single share-

A question of church and state

The Church of Scientology has called it just one more government attempt to harass and destroy its organization. The U.S. government has charged 11 church members with 26 counts of conspiracy to break in and steal its documents, last its officers and plant papers in its agencies. Last week the conflict came only slightly closer to resolution when nine of the 11 Scientologists (two are in England) agreed to be bound guilty of just one charge each.

The case is as complex as it is controversial. The scientists—including Mary Sue Hubbard, wife of Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard—will not plead guilty but

admit they would be unable to spend their case. Included as a result of unusual plea bargaining U.S. District Judge Charles Richey will find them guilty and may impose prison sentences or fines. That will allow the accused to appeal, and to attack what they claim as the flaw in the government's case—the legality of its raid on church offices in Los Angeles and Washington more than two years ago. The prosecution has told the jury to decide whether to appeal the decision.

The government is basing its case on documents of documents, many of which, according to the original indictment, were stolen from its files or were based on "bugged" meetings. A key legal of the Scientologists alleged activities was the Internal Revenue Service, which kept a close eye on the church's finances and its accounting system. But a 526-page document filed by the government last week claimed the church had been on "suspicious" for



Ryan and Peter Brockman hearing, long

bolder owing more than six per cent in fact, though Brockman hasn't said so, insiders here little doubt that Brockman won't stop buying Naranda until it has as much as 35 per cent, purchasing the stock in bits and pieces. Though there's little likelihood of Brockman ousting the Powell-led Naranda management, it is known that at dinner meetings last week between Powell and Ryan the talk revolved on the number of seats Brockman could expect as Naranda's 12-member board of directors likely there, possibly four.

All of which carries a certain haunting irony for Powell, who stood once before at Brockman's bedside, not so long ago, insinuating what ended up as over-motings with former chairman John Moore about a possible merger arrangement between coexisting airlines. Now, it seems, he's back in the master bedroom, whether he likes it or not, with a new partner for whom coexistence is an unknown posture.

Troubles come in small packages

Air Canada may be lot of things to a lot of people. Being one of the most aggressive and successful contenders in an \$800-million international battle between over-jets and parrels probably isn't the first to spring to mind, yet Canada's national airline has caused such a jolt with its latest

eddy into the rapidly expanding small-package courier market that it could even revolutionize the business—if, that is, it survives some mounting opposition that could precipitate a court battle.

The \$800-million package being carved up is the latest tidbit estimated annual market for the movement of all mail and private courier deliveries across Canada—a market that has mushroomed particularly within the past two years, spurred by intense competition amongst a host of courier companies including Air Canada. The airline's latest courier venture, in partnership with Memphis-based Federal Express Corp., involves only a small part of that market, but this combined effort seems to be causing more than a little consternation within the industry. Federal joined forces with Air Canada last summer to provide an express trans-border service winging small packages between Canada and the U.S. Three months and a \$500,000 advertising campaign later, Federal marketing spokesman Bill Storzow says his company is expecting \$7 million in gross revenues from the partnership by next spring, though Air Canada, more demure, declines to release its own revenue projections or advertising budget.

They say it may look, however, Federal and Air Canada may be heading for trouble over their unique but coordinate-

Emery's Barry: a jolt with its latest only



don methods of bringing parcels through customs. The Association of International Border Agencies, representing customs brokers on both sides of the border, has filed a statement in a Canadian Federal court contending Air Canada's right to offer combined customs clearance-courier delivery which eliminates the need for the independent brokers. Other carriers, too, question the fairness of the Air Canada method and say the shortcuts may lead to errors in duty assessments and thus possible inequities to customers. Air Canada declines comment, saying the issue is before the court. Bill Maxwell, of the brokers' association, is equally reticent, saying he hopes ongoing out-of-court talks with airline officials will "settle this very serious matter." Meanwhile, the rest of the courier industry watches and waits. Under the current rules, Federal turns over 70,000 packages a night using a fleet of 35 Boeing 737s, five 747s and 32 Fokker jets in its U.S. domestic operations and hopes to be handling 1,000 packages a night in its trans-border business by July, 1980.

If the Air Canada/Federal Express system ends up with a clean bill of health, it could dramatically change the current trans-border courier business which seems to be booming on all fronts. Pat Barry, Toronto district sales manager for Emery Express Corp., the leading small-package division of U.S.-based Emery Air Freight Corp. which counts United Express as its biggest competitor, says Emery has experienced an estimated increase in over-all shipments between July of last year and this of more than 80 per cent. The Canadian small-package courier market is still ripe for expansion, he adds.

In fact, it seems everybody wants to get into the act—even the Canadian post office which has expanded test-marketing of its new "Priority Post" overnight service. Its service is getting some good reviews from current users. "It's working very well," says Bill Hansen at the building administration division of Imperial Oil Ltd. and there are hopes that a full-scale operation, complete with backup advertising, can be launched soon. Ironically, poor postal service was originally a spur, driving courier companies a helping hand. Meanwhile, the other big national couriers—including \$800 Ltd., Loomis Courier Service and Pacerline Ltd.—are racing hard to capture new business, some backed by expensive radio and newspaper ad campaigns, hoping to gain ground while United Parcel Service Canada Ltd. (UPS), the U.S.-owned giant towering over them all, continues to have its hands (and feet) bound by an Ontario government ruling temporarily restricting its full-scale entry into the Canadian market. **Robert Henderson**

K-Tel goes underground

K-Tel International, the brazen Winnipeg-based company that merchandises everything from "irresponsible" household gadgets to sports-wear left over by the long been known for its high-gloss, high-speed television ads. The hard sell has worked so well that in its first year just ended the company chalked up a record 33-per-cent increase in sales (to \$102 million) in 19 countries and a profit of \$5 million, most of it from "season" products—in a year when the record industry in general was experiencing a dismal slump, with declining sales and soggy profits.

But K-Tel has now an even better card up its sleeve than its latest boast that it plans to spend \$4.5 million this year in ad expenditure. In fact, its new subsidiary K-Tel Promotional Ltd. has already embarked on joint drilling ventures both in Canada and the U.S. and, by year's end, 36-year-old founder and President Philip Kines hopes to see \$5 completed with at least a few gaudy future profits. As Kines, a former Saskatchewan door-to-door salesman, puts it: "Ever since I lived on the farm and made my first \$50 buying and selling farm kids caught on the trap line, I've wanted to have an ad sales job, pointing to the ad line beater's shag fortunes as the bread and butter of dynasties, he adds. "In five years I hope to have a major oil company."

K-Tel has pulled itself as an new venture before but has not always met with success. A 50-per-cent share in production of the movie *The Changeling*, starring George C. Scott, was sold back to Toronto producer Garth Dabek at a small profit. "We had communication problems with our partner," explains K-Tel Vice-President



Philip Kines: all the subtlety of a saboteur

Harold Kines (niece to the boss), adding that future movie involvement isn't ruled out. The company's worst mistake so far, in his view, was participation in a venture mass-marketing a 24-part series of health booklets which somehow didn't work. Other, happier experiments included a 50-per-cent interest in 380 acres of land in Edmonton for \$2.6 million and, at a cost of \$250,000, a small store in a Houston apartment development.

Yet, the company remains largely

concentrated on music products. The only problem, the officers say, is securing sufficient supplies of vinyl and recording rights to keep the wheels turning, but so far K-Tel has shown an amazing knack for doing both, successfully ganging popular tunes—such as the backing this month of Night Moves, a five-album instruction package, with a \$1.2 million tv hit.

Despite the success to date, both Philip and Harold Kines say it's all hard, uphill work, and consumer experience can quickly turn to bitterness. Having scored from a monopoly where sales were only \$50,000 in 1962 when it was founded, K-Tel now employs 600 and uses 800 companies to manufacture its products. So the hard sell continues, especially the 30-second "tv spots which blast forth with all the subtlety of a bullhorn. Philip Kines has no apologies for what is unmistakably an ingredient of his success. "Our ads are made to sell, not entertain, and they'll stay that way. When we introduced them in Britain, which is a bit more subtle, people fell off their chairs—but we soon had imitations."

One lady was annoyed enough to write him, attacking the garish ads and allowing that if he hoped them down she and her friends might consider buying K-Tel products. It didn't faze Kines in the least. **Peter Carlyle-Gordon**

Greasing the wheels of fortune

Ever the Southwestern of Canada's automobile industry. General Motors of Canada Ltd. has announced what no other automaker could possibly contemplate in these dark days of slumping car sales and recessionary gloom: a stalling \$2-billion credit expansion program set to roll over the next three years while the company says it will not only cover over 3,500 new jobs but also turn in \$250 million annually to help Canada's auto-fuels deficit with the United States. A significant gesture that certainly has gone unnoticed by Ford and Chrysler,

lesser grants among the Big Three—particularly Chrysler, whose loan U.S. giant is seeking to borrow an amount about half as great simply to ward off tapering bank supply—this move will buoy sales in the car industry 4,000 further from the others paying it a clear lead in the production of transmission systems and engines. At its Ontario plants in Windsor and St. Catharines for export to U.S. home-based drive auto-assembly plants.

GM must be on a high three days for the announcement follows hot on the heels of the news that it is also well on the way to developing a car that runs on batteries. Another blow for Chrysler, who so far haven't even initiated the postmerger deal with the business.

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Despite its title, *Ran Weeks'* Book of Lorens is actually a winner. The initial printing of 15,000 copies has almost sold out and its 15-year-old author/illustrator isn't surprised because "the ultimate is right for losers." He did not, however, anticipate personal loss this year, but quite unexpectedly the roof over his head is being sold out from under him. For four years he has dutifully reported for work at a toy, clothing store in a large Victorian house on Toronto's Jarvis Street, hard by the city radio building. Shortly after the book came out, a FOR SALE sign appeared on the office lawn and the \$25,000 price tag was too much for even "one of the highest and most widely distributed cartoons in the world." Nonetheless, Weeks is not discouraged. He has been busy "jelling up junk" and now contends that if a potential buyer gets a look at his books and essays "the thing won't sell for years."



Weeks: an underrepresented punk philosopher

After a recent photo session with *Page* John Paul B. Young of Karsh of Ottawa revealed that one of his employees may be in line for a promotion "His behavior called my assistant, 'we go,'" boomed Karsh.

The film may be called *Derry Tricks* but *Blackboard* gets to show up his act in *Kate Jackson's* bathtub as part of the romantic comedy-thriller series. Throughout the Montreal showing, Gould has been keeping a high and happy profile—jogging around Mount

Gould: redoubtable in Kate Jackson's tub



soil of his students, leaving his dripping road.

While Winnipeg revels from the excitement of having the film crew of *Silence of the North* invade Old Market Square last week, Toronto began gearing up for the onslaught of the crew that will be filming *The Kidnapping of the President*, which is based on *Charles Thompson's* 1974 novel. In Winnipeg, more than 800 citizens were auditioned for roles as extras and about 200 landed a chance for mini-stardom at \$40.50 a day. In Toronto, the crowd sequences call for 5,000 extras to mill about Nathan Phillips Square for three days, starting Oct. 25. But only 500 of the group will be paid. To lure fresher faces into the square, a draw will be held every 30 minutes featuring prizes that range from a jar of popcorn to a weekend at a hotel. Two problems threaten the film schedule—rains and limited wardrobe facilities.

Some books begin with a good idea, some books begin with a good story, but according to *Robert Ramsey* *The Goodbye Book* begins with the title and gradually expanded to 100 pages of serious and infamous cut lines. Ramsey and co-author *Marcelle Topp* spent two years amassing library files, newspaper clippings and their personal notes. *Goodbye Book* is done up with the 100 conversational exudes. One which didn't make the book is entertainment columnist Ramsey's most reasonable advice "It was in *Richard Nixon*, and my line was 'bye, Dick' but if I'd been thinking, I think I had been 'bye, Dick'." Incidentally, Ramsey knows hardly ever says goodbye. His favorite sign-off is "oodles."

Lovable *Gilda Radner* claimed she would never go the way of *John Belushi* and *Don Aykroyd*, aka *Doogie Howser, M.D.* and *Boyz-n-the-Band* of the film business. "Pain doesn't go fast enough for me," she says. It takes someone such as hotshot *Loree Lough* Producer *Loree Michaels* to find a way to get Radner to do something so "new." So it is that *Gilda Radner Live: From New York* will come to movie houses nationwide sometime next year. The film was made over a four-day run of Radner's Broadway show when it played in Boston when Michaels handled the direction and *Comedian Ron Shusterman*, *Paul Shuster* and *Arnie Gorfain* helped work out a suitable script. Also joining Radner are her backing group *Boyz and Canada's Don Novello*, aka *Father Guido* *Burton*. As Radner's character, *Reverend Ratanadanza*, would say,



"It just goes to show you, it's always something."

Writing *Richard Powers's* latest novel may be dangerous to cocktail parties. "Always talk titles out as people first. And there's no doubt that at cocktail parties it's a stopper," says the author, whose previous titles include *Spiralists*, *Ultimate* and *Excessiveness*. "When little old ladies ask me about my newest novel, I reply—'Nah!'" Then Radner stands back to watch the ladies drop.

On the cover of his latest record album, country and western singer *Waylon Jennings* has a cigarette clamped in his mouth, and that was

enough to raise the ire of nonsmoking Ottawa writer *Gardner Hall*. "They read in my voice, that's Texas and," yanked Jennings at the annual *Buddy Holly* memorial concert last month in Lubbock, Texas. "I saw my opening. I lunged," says Hall, 35. "That's the smoking—you've got to stop." He told Jennings with clear-headed indignation, "Honey, growed Jennings, 'I'd smoke a pipe if it wasn't so waxy and hard to light.'"

A little bit of Texas leached down in Edmonton last week hearing roses and six-guns in *Texans Cowgirls*, a group of renowned *Dallas Cowboy* cowboys who got tired of strutting their

country one quick scene with vegetables

Texans Cowgirls: \$300-a-day renegades

stuff for \$16.12 a game and now earn \$300 a day each for work in abbreviated jump suits, more the working features act at a new car dealership. The Cowgirls also showed off at a football game between the Edmonton Eskimos and the Montreal Alouettes, at which they performed for three minutes and presented Edmonton Mayor *Geoffrey* wife, *Clare*, with 15 yellow roses from Texas and handed over a letter from Mayor *Robert Folson* of Dallas congratulating the Alberta capital on its 75th anniversary. *art* *Wade*, the car reader who imported the Cowgirls, isn't sure how well his \$10,000-a-week business is going to pay off, but at week's end he was convinced that "selling cars won't be this exciting all the time."

A refugee from the set of *Michael Cimino's* film *Hombre* is *Gale* straddled into the office of *Michael's* in Vancouver with tales of terror that make the Montana-set film sound more like *Mel's* *Paradise*. The story is based on the term-of-the-century *Johnston County* was which pitted cattlemen against immigrants in both Canada and territorial justice. *Kate Kruttschnitt*, *Christopher Walkin* and *Isabella Rossellini* star on different sides of the fence. The film is already four months behind schedule and \$20 million over budget, which is enough of a producer's nightmare. But according to the referee, the film will create even more headaches for audiences because almost half of it has been shot in Lithuanian, Polish, German, Russian and French—and plans are to show it without subtitles. The only explanation? "He's making a European movie."

A s any horticulturalist knows, the best vegetable gardens are started in the early spring, but that didn't stop *George Carlin* of Smith, Alberta, from growing a three-quarter-acre patch that wasn't started until mid-July. The garden was required as part of the set of *Silence of the North*, starring *Alan Rickman*, *Tom Skerritt* and *Gordon Pinsent*. By the time the crew reached Smith, it was early September and Carlin had been forced to cover the plot with plastic to prevent frost from destroying the crops. The results of his labor will likely be as quick as some in the \$14-million movie, but as his wife, *Gemma*, points out, "That garden did us well." In fact, *Silence of the North* producer found it was to Thanksgiving tables in Edmonton—and *Gemma* Carlin is still handing out head lettuce to the neighbors.

Edited by *Narcissa Boulton*





Sports The boys of shiver

By Hal Giam

Baseball is the summer game, or was. The World Series is the fall classic, or used to be. The game that has changed so little is its 198 years changed dramatically in 1971. Before Oct. 15 of that year, World Series games were played in the afternoon. The magic of Mantle, Ford, Mays and Musgrave crackled over transistor radios which dined on boyish crowsbars, through "leaving ads" which appeared in classrooms and offices and factories, in waitlines and gripless motor vehicle passing and lingering at TV and radio shops. The fall classic.

Last week on opening day of the 98th series, the jet stream that usually leads down through Colorado dunked into Maryland and into the coffers of network television—the conglomerate of professional sport in general, baseball, this week, in particular.

It was obvious to millions and anyone else who made uprooted Baltimore rounds last Tuesday that the rules was

brave, consistent and not conducive to baseball. But with millions of dollars in ad revenues locked up by the American Broadcasting Company, the precipitation which was collecting in troughs in left and right field at Memorial Stadium was not deemed sufficient to postpone such a media event until 9:30 p.m. The rain was ground.

The following day, Maryland baseball fans were granted immortality of sorts. Their tales of shivering out their driveways to get to a baseball game should suffice them. For the sake of television and the vested interest therein, the game was played. The two best teams in the major leagues this year, the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Baltimore Orioles, took the field. The temperature was 5°C, but the dampness bedevilled the fans, which dropped to near freezing before long. It was to have been a classic confrontation—a good looking versus good hitting—but it became a contest between the players and the jet stream, and between baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and reality.

Oriole left baseman Eddie Murray

said, "The ball felt like a big, cold marble." Pirate pitcher Bruce Kison said, "I had no sensitivity in my fingers. I couldn't feel the seams on the ball," and he wild-pitched in an Oriole run. Pirate second baseman Phil Garner handled the marble in the first inning. "When I pulled it out of my glove it was wet and I was so cold, I couldn't even feel the ball!" He threw toward second base for an easy double play that would have ended the inning. The marble landed in left field and two runs scored. The Orioles went on to score three more and that was all they needed to win the first game, 5-4.

Doug DeCinces caught the ceremonial first pitch, and then, his goodman made a legendary Oriole third baseman Brooks Robinson and told him, "I just want to follow in your footsteps." He did, by hitting a home run in his first World Series at bat, then, cold-blooded, hoisted and sprawled his own way to a series record of two errors by a third baseman in one inning—a record that had stood since 1916. The fall classic.

Pirate Dave Parker has been called the best player in baseball. He and Orioles Ken Singleton, a candidate for the American League's Most Valuable Player, patrolled right field that night. "Every time I positioned myself," said Parker, "I was standing in a puddle. Ken and I are both over 200 pounds and when we get moving in that kind of stuff, we have a hard time stopping." Singleton could only shake his head, "Show Oct. 16. But we can't damn the whole country. It reminds me of Montreal" (Montreal was traded from the Red Sox to the Yankees in 1971). "I bought a house up there and was worried about getting the deal lost; it was October. I asked the contractor about it and he just said, 'Monsieur, don't worry. In two weeks everyone will have the same house.' He was right."

Through it all, not Commissioner Kuhn. While all around him 52,735 fans sat in parker huddled by Thermoses, Kuhn sat without a topcoat, as is his national TV wont while watching the summer game. Now, in downtown Baltimore, there is a place called Bloomberg's. It's a fancy-scurvy place. You can't buy anything to eat there but you can get just about anything else. The day after his topcoat-less night, Kuhn visited Hamburgers' men's department on the second floor. He asked the kindly saleslady for a wool cardigan. She told him she couldn't help him in that department, but she could fit him up with thermal pajamas. That done, they picked out a wool shirt and the commissioner was set for a cozy Game 5 Fall show business.



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It was far too warm for snow last Thursday—16 damp and dropping degrees. But with the score tied 9-9 in the sixth inning, it was just right for rain. It was just falling when the Pirates knocked away with a 9-8 win. "If that was a regular season game, they would have stopped it," said Pirates shortstop Tim Lincecum. "That was spooky out there."

Wife Starved of the Pirates, fanatics in jakes huddling by their Thrones

You couldn't tell which way the ball was going to hop, and your spikes were as right as a left you couldn't move left or right. The players called it "brotherhood." "Lingerie!" the manager called it "great baseball under the con-

dition." And the network called for a "word from our sponsor." Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium is as much a TV stadium as it is a ball park. It looked good Friday night, the banks of lights creating shadows, 56,000 skilled patrons taking "nose" and "apple" cues from the scoreboard like prize-winning veterans. But the weather didn't suit its cause either, and it rained again. After the vicarious pump and the squeals were through, it still didn't look good to the Pirates' Gorman. "That ball that Singleton hit at me had overtopped, so it popped up. If it had underpopped, I'd probably be in the hospital with a hernia." Game 1 lasted a revised three hours and 18 minutes, the second more than three hours, the third from Friday to Saturday. Thanks to the hitting of Mike Garvin and the pitching of Scott McGrew, the Orioles won 8-4.

They were back at it 12 hours later because of ABC's broadcast of a college football game later that day. Finally the rain, if not the cold, selected. They played baseball that day. Orioles Manager Earl Weaver was masterful, his Orioles pulled out a move down to the last out in the longest nine innings in series history. The Orioles won 9-6, took a three-games-to-one lead, and the last game gave me a real surprise to a game reminiscent of a full classic. ☐

Defied. Love, who believed Christy was after his daughter and was helping the Lithuanian to start a career as a gambling coach in the West. Love asked that Christy had called in and among German friends a village near Düsseldorf and had never mentioned any wish to return to the Soviet Union.

But recently officials said that the athlete in fact, provided sufficient motive for the suit to mount a kidnapping operation against him. There would have been cause ways to stop publication. "The motive was just, I guess, that the disappearance might have been the sign of a response to a recent highly publicized killing of a German by prominent Soviet citizens—and intended as a warning. It came just a few weeks after the Lithuanian Alexander Gorbunov directed to the United States, accompanied by the dramatic airport showdown between Moscow and Washington over whether he was. Ludmila Vlasova, was returning home of her own accord.

As for how the kid spent Christy's out of Germany, police believe that her father, "as was then," (Bismarck) investigation showed that on the day of the disappearance two Soviet Aeroflot planes took off from Frankfurt for Moscow. Unlike Vlasova's return, however, the journey lacked both the headline-grabbing baby-hug and the postscript's apparent enthusiasm. **Peter Levitt**



Christy: as late as emblems

The second a case took a more significant turn when it was revealed in Düsseldorf that Christy was the daughter of a Soviet agent competing with the Soviet Union in the world chess championship at Dusseldorf. Was writing a book about the alleged widespread use of drugs in Soviet sports. The obvious conclusion is that the Soviets didn't want a book like that coming out on the eve of the Moscow games," says West German chessing champion

The paddler is up the creek

The Soviet athlete was feeling through a notebook outside, a language book he attended near Düsseldorf on the morning of Sept. 12 when he suddenly vanished. Nobody saw a car or heard one—he was simply no longer standing there. A reported fellow student reported to police after his disappearance of 1972 Olympic chess champion Vladimir Christy, who had declined to visit Germany the past summer.

Last week, the first guess of the puzzle fell into place when an anonymous telephone caller told the West German embassy in Moscow that Christy was a 26-year-old Lithuanian had been returned to the U.S.S.R. "against his will" and was being under guard in a Moscow hospital with severe head injuries. Immediately the federal prosecutor's office in Karlsruhe, West Germany, announced it had started proceedings against unknown persons, on suspicion of kidnapping Christy. Security police dropped to their knees, who would look like the first ever move by the Soviet secret police (KGB) in some years to release a defecting player. *

*Last year, German Ambassador Gernot Meier was told in London by a person-based source.

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Let's see, now, that's four touchdowns in three innings for Guy Lafleur . . .

By Trent Frayne

On the night last week that the opening game of the World Series was postponed for the first time in the 76 years of its existence, the St. Louis Blues host the Vancouver Canucks in the opening game of the annual Hockey League season. The next night, now torched the playing field in Baltimore into what used to be called "a veritable quagmire" if not "a sea of mud," and 10 men teams played hockey in Los Angeles, Quebec City, Toronto, Chicago and Pittsburgh.

By then, the Winnipeg Blue Bombers and the Saskatchewan Roughriders had already been eliminated from Canadian Football League playoff contention and the Toronto Argonauts and the Hamilton Tiger-Cats were hanging on by their thumbs.

Nobody knows what the word "season" means in sports anymore and calendars are meaningless except to designate padding for the wealthy north. It usually means in early April in Detroit or Montreal or Milwaukee or Toronto when the baseball season opens (the teams already having played a couple of warm-up games in Florida and Arizona over the preceding six weeks). A month later, when it's finally warm enough for outdoor play in May, the focus has shifted indoors for steam-bath Stanley Cup playoffs.

The thing is, the situation is not to get worse before it gets better. Last week, Lee MacPhail, the American League president, stood by as support crumbled in Baltimore awaiting the arrival of his luggage and advised your agent that a substantial number of team owners would like to see the league playoffs that provide the real first-class lengthened from three-of-five series to four-of-seven. Other owners, MacPhail said, favor a realignment of teams in the two major leagues. At present there is an East Division and a West Division in each and the top teams in them qualify for post-season play. The new setup would divide each league into three divisions. The leading teams in each would

qualify, and so would the best second-place teams, called a wild card. In this manner, eight teams, instead of the present four, would make the playoffs. Is there anybody left in the room?

Well, eight qualifiers out of 30 teams are considerable, all right, but no amount of minor-league groupings for profit in any sport can approach the current madness in the NHL. There, with last summer's rape of the World Hockey Association, we have now accumulated 21 teams where a mere dozen years ago there were six. These 21 will



two, and then, God help us all, peace. Of course, what all of this over-lapping of seasons and enlargement of qualifiers is designed for is to expand and prolong fan interest. The theory is that no matter how awful a team's performance, its fans will remain loyal—that is to say, will continue to buy down their noses—as long as a playoff berth lies within reach. That, in turn, offers owners the opportunity to jack up ticket prices for the post-season involvement.

History proves there's a certain validity here, but history also proves it isn't necessarily so. Big-league baseball drew a record total of 42,558,000 fans for the 1979 regular season, with eight teams topping two million customers in their home parks: Los Angeles, Philadelphia, the Yankees, the California Angels, Cincinnati, Boston, Kansas City and Montreal. The biggest increases were in Houston and Montreal. Though Montreal did not attract two million, the fact that the Astros were in contention for West Division honors in the National League accounted for an increase of 774,167 fans over 1978. The Expos, who were contenders in the East until the final day of the regular season, increased their attendance by more than 900,000.

But the prospect of a playoff berth, by itself, isn't enough to retain fan interest if the attraction is waning—and it's waning. It may be happening in hockey's mindless assault upon the common sense. Born in such long-established hockey havens as Chicago and Boston, both of which have been in the NHL since the mid-1920s, seasons are no longer automatic in spite of the fact the Bruins and the Black Hawks are almost always division leaders. No amount of playoff contention has been able to amend for the departure of Bobby Hull from one and Bobby Orr from the other, and the knavery of rushing around all winter to establish the victory of the five worst teams in hockey is surely enough to incite thousands of new dissenters. Good for them.



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Music

For the record

ENT TO THE SEAT
Riviera
(Capitol)

This group is so good that it's easy to get someone singing its praises. Brenda's raging talent continues unabated. Clem Burke's drumming has never been more masterful and Debbie Harry's voice is at its eccentric best, especially in the hysterical drama of *Violets*. The title cut and *Love in the Real World* are body-shaking proof that the word "punk" was allowed to grow anachronistic before its time.



HOLLYWOOD LOVE
Candid Baker
(PCA)

With the possible exception of (3-Ad-Ad) producing (see cover photo and notes), nothing should prevent Baker from becoming an international country star. As effectively sincere as Kitty Wells, she delivers top-notch business renderings of everything from the bedtime spreads of adult lovers (*My Turn*) to the best in maritime fairs: *Swirlies* (*Just a Closer Walk With Thee*, *Now Great Thou Art*).



IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT

Pat Benatar
(Capitol)

Producers Mike Chapman (Blondie, The Knack) and his cohort Peter Coleman (Nick Oliveri) have lent their usual energy to this high-priced debut by another in the current string of what are called "female rockers" (see Janis, Laurie, Goffin, Carolyn, Minnie, Jenny, Darius, Suzi, Quatro). Benatar sings with enough strength and control that she's a commanding woman in revolt on *No You Don't* and witty on *My Glorious Days Alone*. But she's no Tracy Nelson.

Bonnie Bramlett, George Ranan or Kathleen McDonald.

DAVIDSON IN THE DRAGON'S JAW
David Davidson
(True North)

Cockburn sounds soft-headed yet emotionally unshakable to someone who appreciates tenderness as a quality of heart, not mind. But those who think that talk about white birds and pink shells adds up to a spiritual vision, may find this blend of ecstacy delicious. Cockburn is deft with his instruments, and for persons interested in languages

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lynes printed in English and French may be a real treat.

FATHER ABRAHAM IN SHIRTLAND
Father Abraham and the Shirts
(Polygram)

Anything that comes recommended "for children and adults of all ages" will often cause sickness, but this album is foolishly, and inexplicably, happy-making. Father Abraham sounds like a clear-thinking uncle and the Shirts like the Sevens. David's stand on most drugs. They go from drinking song to tango to jazz and there really is something here to satisfy fans of both Lena Lovett and James Last. It may be cute but, then again, so is Christmas. Last, Talerde, the album made the charts in Britain.
David Livingstone

BACK TO DACH
Max Kofman
(SPT)

The music of Johann Sebastian Bach has never been a bad starting point for improvisation and adaptation. Max Kofman has been there before and there is obvious affection in his playing, but it can't overcome the blatantly commercial nature of these 10 tarted-up variations on partita, sonata and cantatas. All the bases are covered—jazz, classical, disco and funk. The titles are curious—Bach's Lament, Curved Good-bye—and some cuts come complete with disco whistles (just to mention a 12-piece string section). There's a nice touch of bebop here and hardly a whisper of the strident sound of Kofman's flute in *Minimorum Flauto*. Maybe it's a good record for parents who want to introduce their children to the classics. But as jazz, it's all fished-up.

Marika Baskin

PENDERECK: SOUL CONCERTO
Isaac Stern, conductor
Chamber Music Society
(SPT)

Penderecki is the sole astronaut among contemporary composers, a man whose spirit during and raw dramatic and emotional power have gained relatively wide acceptance for his esoteric work. The new concerto harks back to the 19th century in form and its music is even more accessible (though graveness may still think it hideous). The same adventures and the soloist's preternatural are kept subservient to an increasingly grim mission. Many will find the work too mindlessly serious, but Isaac Stern's masterful and moving performance compares up a sense of the soloist as a person—a tragic human being, tortured and grieving, who breaks out sporadically into a desperate schizophrenia. Not a perfect work, but a rewarding and challenging one, gives a stirring interpretation.
John Parens

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Films

The price of justice: beyond good and evil



AND JUSTICE FOR ALL
Directed by Norman Jewison

The first thing we do left hell all the lawyers—Shakespeare, Henry VI, Part II

Justice is a luxury state of, as the *Vin Price* song puts it, "and only wealth will buy you justice." The profession of law is, in great part, a high-powered business dealing in big bucks, a vocation to which only those who can afford it. To the average Joe whose annual income amounts to less than the average lawyer's fee, the letter of the law is so understandable as a heresy. And within the law are all kinds of anachronisms waiting to be swept away by legislation, loopholes for the crafty, technicalities that tie up cases for years. And then there are judges, who have to weigh the human values involved, pointing to the fallibility of the core of the legal design. In theory the law is a beautiful blueprint; in practice it's a messy construction site. With good intentions galloping off all over, along comes Norman Jewison's () *And Justice for All* to alert us to the law's ineptness. Theoretically, we need racism motivated by anger, practically, we don't really need this one.

Kirkland (Al Pacino), an anarchic but ethical lawyer, is surrounded by crani-

ness. An innocent client, a kid really, has spent 1½ years in jail due to a technicality and the unbending attitude of a cold judge (John Pappeter). Having been raped so many times and starved for so long, the kid takes hostages in his cell and is shot. Kirkland's gambler becomes unbalanced when a former client, whom he knew to be guilty, kills two children. Because of the stupidity of a substitute lawyer motivated by nothing other than aversion, another of Kirkland's clients, a black transvestite wonderfully played by Robert Christian, is sent to jail and hangs himself. When, for political reasons, Kirkland is persuaded to defend the judge on a rape charge, the question is: will Kirkland risk everything to get at the truth?

Do bears relieve themselves in the woods? Kirkland cures God, how he cares! Nobody, with the possible exception of Mather Terman of Calcutta, cares as much as he does. And since there's no basic change in his behavior from start to finish, there's a total lack of tension. Nothing's at stake; there's no ambush on the emotions. Dramatically, the script is way out of whack, dragging in outrageous subjects involving Jack Warden as a suicidal judge who takes Pacino on a hair-raising helicopter ride, and Sam Levine and Lee Strasberg as

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two old folks in a home doing Jewish rituals.

Penna, who's marvelous to watch when he's mad and comical to watch when he's cynical, gives a fine performance, but he doesn't do anything he didn't do in *Day After Tomorrow*. And even with a star lead Jensen doesn't find the right tone for... And *Justice for All* There's a self-congratulatory air to the entire proceedings. It's as if a lawyer had gotten you off a rap for which you were obviously not guilty and then expected eternal gratitude.

Lawrence O'Toole

Lonely hunter of the night

NOBLESSE: THE VAMPIRE
Directed by Werner Herzog



Kinski: rules, reflections and release

Noblesse cruels with images. Pinned there on the screen for a daring length of time, those images exert a mysterious pull—green pictures pining in front of the eyes during waking hours. Herzog's vampire tale rejects the conventional. It's not scary and it doesn't have all that waltz music for the haughty old genre. Instead, it crawls across the open landscape of the subconscious mind, bewitching a theme that part of us can't resist—longing, and the futile nature of it.

Noblesse's six vampire is played by Klaus Kinski and the appearance is as amazing as the performance. Two tiny front teeth, like the vampire bat's, are

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only instruments of pleasure, fingered taper several inches from their coiled ends, and in the bald, chalky visage only the eyes glinted with life. The creature subsists on Puleonina nappaeus, which he hears the sound of night on the clock chimed 12, he involuntarily breathes however, fresh life beat within him. He longs for release from his immortality. "Centuries come and go," he tells Jonathan Harter (Bruce Gars).

Harter has come to Tenebris to sell the vampire a house in his semi-luxurious home town, Wismar. Harter himself has been seeking to escape the town's quiescence and its complacent contentment. His wife, Lucy, played by Isabelle Adjani, who has the sad and vulgar beauty of one of Gustav Klimt's fallen angels, poses for her husband's return. Nostalgia, in turn, defines her. "The absence of love is the most abrupt pain," he tells her. Living on Ischia, his small consideration is to "listen to the children of the night make their music." To tell the vampire, Lucy must detain him until dawn when the first ray of light will create him. Coming at a time when sunrise is looked upon as a foul's moment, Lucy's plan is touching.

A heavenly, Heros is also an image, a champion of the stage's wondrous, suggestive powers. Nostalgia is filled with the feeling of light and shadow and there are some scenes that clasp your mind and never let go. Harter, approaching the vampire's castle, emerging out of a shaft of light by a river to the swell of the opening of Wagner's *Die Rheingold*, a carriage crossing a stile, its reflection captured in the undisturbed Dutch waters, two hitlers tumbling on a choral cadence among books, apples and a basket with Lucy in it. Heros holds his caskets on as stage sets it grows, seeps its way into the scene of the scene and reverberates. His technique is so good, his control so exquisite, that Nostalgia can seem drained of life. Yet Nostalgia films are as consistently usefully beautiful.

Never far from absurdity (that that Nostalgia brings with him to Wismar are soft, grey, fatty little slugs), Harter's film is a revelation in the conventional way you never know when the thin line will stretch and snap. In a purely mechanical way they are also technically astounding: when you are only Nostalgia's shadow reflected in Lucy's mirror it is possible to figure out how Heros did it. Nostalgia is a masterpiece—bold and beautiful, erotic and elegant. Harter's masterpieces—*Apocalypse*, *Witch of God*, *The Expulsion of Karpur Harar*, *Heart of Glass*, now *Nostalgia*—are all concerned with capturing. They strive to make magic—and they do.

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Fashion

The sweet smell of decadence

By Barbara Amiel

Historians sometimes refer to the dark and middle ages as a thousand years without a bath. They may be tempted to refer to our time as the years when free men and women did nothing but bath-and-spray. "When times get tough," explains a 36-year veteran of perfume and cosmetic sales, Margaret Sykes, at Eaton's in Toronto, "women spend no more on bath oil or a nice perfume rather than a dress."

The perfume industry in Canada is still a fledgling with reported sales in 1976 of \$16.5 million (latest figures available) compared to the \$1.3 billion in the U.S. in 1978, but it's a market that has shown steady growth every year. In a new policy launched this fall, Canada's largest retail drugstore chain, Shoppers Drug Mart, upgraded its merchandise and now boasts stores with yards of open-shelf perfumes. "It's a big chunk of our business," says Shoppers Toronto store owner Jerry Pines, "and we've got everything from Charlie at \$4.95 a half-ounce to Bal à Versailles at \$175 an ounce—just about every French and American perfume our customers want, we stock."

This month, Canadian taste is jockeying for attention as well. Crossing Canada, having its new name perfume in Montreal, clothes designer Leo Chevrol-



Chevrolat: tracks, shorts, sin and a flake

ier. If it's early October it must be Edmonton and by the end of the month it will be Vancouver: perfume launchings in every major Canadian city with bottles of champagne chilled and poured for the salesgirls and buyers who will be selling the \$120-to-\$200 Leo Chevrolat at your neighborhood store.

Consumers these days may have jaded feelings about yet another new and expensive perfume. Sold one husband at Winesap's Bay after buying his wife an anniversary gift of a new \$100 an-ounce Ralph Lauren perfume, "I think something sweet sticks." Other nice perfumes to surface recently in Canada include Yves St. Laurent's Opium (1975 as an ounce), Jean Patou's Milie (1975) an ounce, Van Cleef & Arpels' First (\$100) and, on the way, Sonia Rykiel's ? Sea—price, anybody's guess. The market is lucrative and, more importantly, growing. Inflation, recession and tight money seem only to help the \$200 bottle of perfume, a product that has no investment value and a life-span at the mercy of sweat glands.

"My favorite fragrance," wrote Liza Ronson enthusiastically in her book *World of Style*, "is Bal à Versailles and I wear it all the time. Though I don't put those special little pads soaked with fragrance on my night table as Françoise de la Renta does." Ms. Ronson, wife of the late Charles Ronson of the



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 **Pitney Bowes**

Revlon empire, could afford to pay \$150-a-bottle perfume on the sales of her seven shoes if she so desired. But a perfume cannot survive on sales to the wealthy alone. More interesting is the phenomenon of the upper priced perfume market reaching into the traditionally medium-to-lower priced mass market sales. The point, it seems, is to buy something, and something expensive. If, in view of the times, this has a dense macabre quality to it, well, it's nothing new in history.

Every decade has its mood. It could be argued that sometimes in their vigorous periods fever sobriety and simplicity in their fashions and fragrances, while opulence and extravagance seem to coincide with decline. The mad, romantic '60s, filled with silk-stockinged girls taking baths in champagne or perfume, appear more desperate in light of our knowledge of the Depression to follow. The '50s and '60s were the post-war periods of rebuilding and rebirth with the emphasis on sleek, clean technology. Now welcome 1979 and another grand leap. Welcome sealings of houndstooth silver flacons ready to hold an ounce of Les Chénobyl perfum. Welcome to decadence, a furious contest to spend, spend, spend, in which the rich buy gold bars, houses, hot tubs and imported ready-to-wear while the rest of the working public may buy, well, perfume, bath oils, eau de cologne and so on.

Today the rush to produce new perfumes with a focus, "green," natural note is over. The youth market with its rings, Balay and Charlie winks, with large bottles of cologne selling at less than \$30, is a golden success story—but fell up. The growing market is for the exotic: anise, the heavy musky floral combinations that every woman is warned not to wear into the office or before the man who. Perfume names bespeak the new heady delight in corruption and decadence—Opium, marketed with ads that hint at leopards and unapologetic delights for the wearer, perfume packaging that celebrates sexualization—Les Chénobyl's black, hand-made boxes, perfume fragrances heavy with rich floral notes, or the combination of synthetic and natural oils called aldehydic florals which began with the great aldehydic grandeur of Chanel No. 5.

Behind this merchandised war of eyes-and-noses/feelings are the old realities—and conflicts—of business. Perfume prices are skyrocketing because of the depressed dollar and the increasing price of natural ingredients. It takes 10,000 pounds of rose petals to produce one pound of natural rose oil that costs as much as \$7,000. Synthetic rose oil costs \$20 a pound and is not subject to the vagaries of labor disputes, weather and crop failures. Synthetic are show-

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ing up with increasing regularity in the higher priced perfumes. The smell is undistinguishable from the natural ingredients but experts along the way say power of synthesis is shorter — which may be why some long-time perfume devotees are complaining that their regular perfume is fading much faster than it used to.

But natural ingredients have their drawbacks, says Madeleine Marais, supervisor of marketing development for Moris International Ltd. in Toronto, a large wholesale producer of perfume. "They are more volatile. You don't necessarily get the same smell from one batch of roses to another. Often you have to throw out entire batches." Not only the ingredients are unstable. "If you cut a particularly spicy or grainy smell," explains Marais, "you'll affect the perfume once your body produces which will, depending on the person and the mood, affect the smell of the fragrance you are wearing." Steps Chevaller associate Sandra Huber points out — and somewhat sympathetically — names down berry to berry but if I ever suggested synthetics to Leo I wouldn't have his nose as the hell! He got to be all pure ingredients for him."

Chevaller's cartage-trade perfume tastes are, in fact, a reflection of the Canadian public's taste — at least the Canadian public according to marketing surveys. Once he decided to go in as the fragrance market Chevaller followed a standard procedure. Several large laboratories in Europe tendered for the job of "creating" the Leo Chevaller signature fragrance. The Swiss lab Chevaller chose came up with a market and perfume "profile" based on a careful study of Chevaller's habits, clients, style and one reason, birthmarks and any sensitivities. That all went all to perfume who compared smells to match the profile. "The trouble was," says Huber, "they had a damn idea of what Leo was and half of them tended to produce dental mugs." Costs involved with the packaging — handmade boxes and crystal bottles from France. "The packaging costs are 20 per cent of the price," says Huber, "and I haven't even kept track of the premium money spent. But all the money, we're delivering a Rolls-Royce and we're only charging for a Mercedes."

Mercedes and Rolls-Royces — the right vocabulary for the image-conscious perfume business. "It's a lifestyle and a romance," explains Huber. That is it all right, and the water in the lights — or power supplies — begins to die all over the world, who wouldn't be concerned Canadian consumers take time out from their no-name brands and enjoy a little romance and a breath with the aroma of a Rolls-Royce? ☐



Behavior

Be my jail companion and you'll never grow old

If you don't want to grow old, go to jail. It's hardly a thought, living in a world with laws on the books. But the latest study seems to indicate that at least as far as modern industrial society is concerned, the slammer might be as close as we can get to eternal youth. The idea would have applied Peter Fox, but it may be that prison has some of the qualities of a "never-never land."

"There's something funny that happens to some people, they come down here and their age seems to fix at what it was when they came in," an old inmate says. "I see guys all the time that are 60 or 75 who look like 40 or 45. Physically, they stay younger." The prisoner is quoted by sociologists Frances Glanzer and Nanci Reed in their study *Ageing in a Total Institution: The Case of Older Prisoners*. It was first

delivered as a paper at the annual meeting of the Southern Sociological Society in New Orleans and has now been published in the learned journal *The Gerontologist*.

The sociologists have found that among middle-aged prisoners (36 to 58), the belief that prison retains the same process is common. The inmates support their claim in two ways. First, from the standpoint of physical well-being, they argue that prison offers some advantages over life in the streets — removal from the temptations of booze, drugs, prostitution and the other attractions of an active lifestyle. Prison also often rids of sexual, sleep and the opportunity to keep physically fit by participating in various sports programs. "Second," the researchers report, "many inmates report that prison maintained their mental health by free-

ing them from the worries and responsibilities which were confronted in the streets."

Of course, who is in with the Centre of Studies in Ageing at North Texas State University, conducted his prison research in the Tennessee State Prison in Nashville. He points out that for older people living in the community at large, the family is not just a source of support and affection. But it is also a source of worry and stress. "The loss of family members through death is a major aspect of aging for most people," he says. "This is not true inside prison. Cut off from their family, inmates suddenly lose interest in them and worry little about them. Ironically, it helps them stay young."

Among North American males, say the sociologists, retirement is an important aspect of ageing. It makes many people grow old very fast. In prison, however, retirement is nonexistent. "In the prison setting, inmates are permitted to work without regard to age," says Glanzer. "The reasons for working are to pass time, earn money and be out of the cell. Factors such as status, sense of accomplishment or financial rewards are not associated with work. Social ranking is based on type of offense, physical prowess and intelligence, and of course there is no poverty in prison."

"Within the walls, chronological age is not very important once one is beyond young adulthood. There is an emphasis on a person's physical and mental condition rather than age. A prisoner who is able to maintain his physical and mental prowess can avoid the status of old prisoner. Furthermore, the older prisoners report that fellow inmates do not treat them much differently because of their age."

Almost all of the elderly prisoners interviewed said that, compared to people on the outside, they believed that they felt younger. One inmate is in his 50s and said: "When I went home, I saw an old lady. We had gone to school together. Max, he went back over and he looked like he was 120 years old. He is not there in the rat race."

The study concludes that much of what is viewed as part of normal aging does not take place in prison. Studies of older people in aging homes find them depressed, isolated, with a need for self-image and feelings of personal insignificance and impotence. They view themselves as old, dull and unattractive. It's not like that in jail. The "life" as long-term prisoner is often better than as a normal person in a normal home. He doesn't feel the image slip reports Glanzer. "They see themselves as tough characters. And the bars, walls and guards support that self-image on a daily basis." It keeps them feeling young.

William Levitt

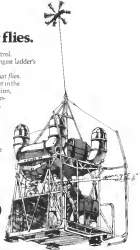
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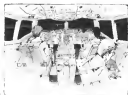
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A good knife-hand and a touch of fine madness

THE GHOST WRITER
By Philip Roth
(McGraw-Hill Random House, \$11.95)

JAILERO
by Karl Voronoff
(Doubleday-Currency) \$12.50

If their lives were more risible we might see that dentists or bankers have every bit as unglamorous a group as writers. Probably dentists discuss the teeth of fellow dentists and write about their friends' gum problems in learned papers. Bankers likely eye each other's new patterned cheques and copy them—otherwise why would we always be stuck with ochre-toned pictures of disreputable Canadiana, no matter which money institution we patronized?

But writers do it so publicly. They console with one another, sometimes in such specifically located sites as Fire Island, New York (for such American writers) or the writers' retreats near the Canadian coast, and get their photos published comparing typing-on-flow in the beach. Everything is a gift for the writer's self: their early problems with poverty, their mother's problems with alcoholism, their own problems with or on someone else's poverty and, of course, themselves and the vocation of writing. This last theme has become particularly fascinating in American literature, as it has in the novel. I remember a struggling young William Strydom, Deborah's lover had a young Bernard Malamud, and now Philip Roth goes on better and gives us a young Philip Roth, a middle-aged Bernard Malamud and the young Philip Roth, who are very short and very clever little people.

It centers on the visit a young (20) and promising (four short stories published) writer named Nathan Zerkman—Philip Roth—pays to the New England retreat of the great Jewish writer E.J. Lavoff—Bernard Malamud, name or not. While Zerkman is pouring out his breathless in-crit analyses of Lavoff's work and European culture as a whole, he glimpses through a half-opened door a young woman of extraordinary beauty. "Where had I seen that severe dark beauty before? Where but in a portrait by Velasquez?"

everdropping on a late-night conversation in which the girl beseeches Lanoff to redemur her life by leaving his aging wife, kissing her young breasts and going off to Italy in tandem. Zuckerman creates an identity for the girl. She is Anne Frank who, having managed to live through the Holocaust, cannot reveal her identity for fear of diminishing the impact of her famous diary.

Practice, practice, practice. Given a base of real talent, a writer can polish and refine his style to exquisite heights simply by the force of sheer work. But it is with Roth. All the fat of his early prose writing, the excesses and indulgences of *Letting Go* heaped onto his books like plates of falafel and coleman and dumplings and potatoes, has been pared down to a lean vocal line sentences true. The noise of his character-

From no more dumpings or potboilers



Venezuela with grandson Zachary as it could be Venezuela's China or Russia?

are inevitable. Says a grieving Yankee-born Hope Loomis to the Anne Frank-like girl as she beseeches Loomis to let her "if once in six months you get him to accept an invitation to somebody's home, then it'll be even worse—then for the hour before you go your life will be misery from his overlooking about what it's going to be like when those people start in with their ideas. If you

care to change the pepper mill, he'll ask what's the matter, what was wrong with the old one? . . . Change the soap and he goes around the house sniffing, as though something is dead on the bathroom sink instead of just a bar of Palmolive . . . There is his religion of

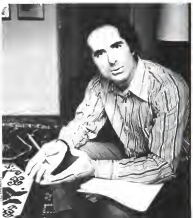
"The 'religion of art' may be one of the themes of Roth's book—but it is not just what the book says in its raw material. The book is a work of art, and the reliability of the artist are tied up (naturally) with the theme of Jewish guilt. Roth has a hilarious sequence in which a Jewish judge delivers one of those long, pompous, and self-righteous, condescending concluding with the query, 'Can you honestly say that there is nothing in your short story that is more Jewish than the Jewish people?' Streicher or a Joseph Goebbels? De spite the platitudes of literary allusions, the book doesn't begin to deal with the morality or religion of art. The book is a work of art, and the short novel about those people that Roth knows very well, and part of the problem with his work is simply that he writes about his tribe—middle-class Jews—too much, and not sufficiently beyond the tribe to allow

Practice and literary sophistication may be the strength behind Ray's work, when it comes to Kurt Vonnegut readers enter an entirely different experience. Some evaluate throw light on the human condition through the accumulation of small details; others use the human soul Vonnegut gives as messages that cut through the pitch-black

middle of our lives to sudden illumination, through something that wavers between a touch of fine madness and full-blown insanity.

His new novel, *Jailbird*, in Vannoy's opinion was just another *Shogakukan-Five*. The hero, Walter F. Starbuck, is a convicted "Watergate conspirator." After a year in prison, Starbuck discovers he had been given a "homework" of which turned out to be a handy place to store trillions of money. At his trial, Starbuck refused to cooperate because he was "too busy" to do so. Vannoy had given testimony to the House Un-American Activities Committee (but was intended to thank McCarthy by doing so) concerning the persecution of many Americans who had been convicted of crimes and who had served in years of prison and the pulling of one of his friends for perjury (having decided never to testify again, Starbuck was silently to take care of him and his guard, Clyde Carter, who had been convicted of the same crime). Starbuck manages to become vice president of America's largest corporation (a bank, and, again, incidentally, ends

Connegal is a spiritual anarchist. His targets in this book are every aspect of the American system, all corrupted with skill and accuracy. One only



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wishes he could spend more time in China or Somalia and see what he could do with their systems. Surely they deserve to be Vongapized. For Vongap has that enviable skill of being able to compress a range of experiences into a couple of lines. He sums up his career as youth adviser, for example, in a terse telegram: "YOUNG PEOPLE WILL REFUSE TO SEE THE OBVIOUS IMPROBABILITY OF WORLD DISARMAMENT AND ECONOMIC EQUALITY. COULD BE FAULTY OF NEW TESTAMENT (GODVIDE)." Vongap's stylistic trade mark, the repetitive phrase—in this case "Vongapize that"—among others—is a brilliant device. What most of us would take for granted, says his dead. He leaves the mark of shagbark. An ordinary hotel "in Stegmeyer's Restaurant in downtown Indianapolis" is placed in context.

"The first atomic bomb had not yet been dropped in Japan. That would happen in about a month. Imagine that." The phrases are like a leitmotif, they give additional significance to the stated themes by underscoring them. Talking about a young Blyss with a portable radio, who "if he had done me some kindness, might now be an executive in the Keweenaw Corporation," Vongap writes. "The radio was turned to the news. The newscaster said that the air quality that day was unacceptable. Imagine that, so acceptable is it."

Vongap's talent is one of the very few, if not only, truly original voices in contemporary American writing. Without Vongap, there would be no one to hear the sound of Western absurdity. Imagine that. **Barbara Amiel**

A Rosedale Proust in the making

RESERVATION MAKING by Hugh Hood (October, \$17.50)

Hugh Hood is a writer who possesses few doubts about his own talent. Of his ambitions he has said, "I really want to make this country rich in great serious books of work of art." This pursuit of literary excellence takes the form of *The New Age*, the somewhat risqué, a projected 10-volume series set in southern Ontario and spanning the century. It was somewhat of course the almost entirely exempt Hugh Hood that the grandeur of scope could only and in magnificent failure, a Rosedale Proust could not but stumble under the weight of overwriting consequences. But Hood has defied all predictions. The publication of the cycle's third novel, *Reservations*, demonstrates that he is easily the most accomplished writer in this country today and *The New Age* may prove to be the single



John David Ford says: "Hood is a modern-day Proust." (Photo by David H. Johnson)

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Hood: a man for whom nothing is trivial

most important Canadian work of our time.

"We can't actually live in our own past," says Matthew Golderik, the narrator and central figure of *The New Age*. "All we can do is remember it, love it, and try to understand it." A straightforward enough thought, and yet for Hood nothing is quite as simple as it appears to be. Chances of associations abound, histories intertwine. "It is a complex fate to be a subject," he warns, and part of the past of Matthew Golderik is, quite simply and inevitably, the time that has passed before his birth. The Working General Strike. His parents' late-summer honeymoons. The crash of '89.

Matthew's parents meet in the fall of 1982 at the University of Toronto. Andrew Golderik is a Jewish lecturer in philosophy; Isabelle Archambault, a young student. With uneasy detail (it has been said of Hood that he is a man for whom nothing is trivial) an era is described and convincingly reinvented with life. But the effect of *Reservoir* is more than nostalgic Hood's sense of history, familial and political, supplies his obvious affection for the past. When Isabelle diagnoses herself as a boy in order to attend a Paris House debate where Lord Halifax is the guest of honor, she leaves a young speaker asking, "Are we to ignore the claims of Jerry because the Holy Land isn't in Montreal or Quebec?" The question echoes to the present day. When Isabelle and Andrew watch the passing shoreline of the St. Lawrence from the deck of a steamer, they see the place where their eldest son, 36 years later, will propose to the girl who becomes his wife. Hood's

point is clear: "All these affairs went on—as if—together. There is no separating them; they simply turn and turn as the light and reveal themselves in different perspectives and changing colors as time turns."

As in the first two novels, *The Survey* in the Garden and *A New Address*, there are weaknesses in *Reservoir*. Matthew Golderik's occupation—as art historian—is not entirely believable, he thinks and remembers too much like a writer to be anything else. Psychological detail is sometimes lacking; there are few displays of humor. But these are minor flaws. In no way do they obscure Hood's sharp moral conviction that things—in literature and in life—add up. *Reservoir* is the third chapter of what promises to be a beautiful whole.

David Michaelson

Stale baguettes and love affairs in Paris

PARIS INTERLUDE
by Mark Caraculski
Translated by Sheila Fischman
(McClelland and Stewart, \$12.95)

Few immigrants to Canada have brought with them as rich a cultural heritage as Naim Kattan. Born an Iraqi Jew and raised on Hebrew and Arabic, he learned English and French while still at school and became fluent in the latter language during his post-war student days in Paris. *Paris Interlude* (originally published as *Les fruits arrosés*), an autobiographical novel based on his own life, is the second in a series that follows his protagonist, Naim, from his Iraq homeland to Paris and later to the New World.

In the previously published *Paradise Babylon*, young Naim grows up in Baghdad and attempts to resolve a host of conflicts that would frustrate four United Nations how can he be loyal to Iraq when the government sponsors a pogrom? Should our national literature be based on indigenous traditions or should we percolate Western influences? where will I find true love in a land of arranged marriages and officially sanctioned prostitution? Where else except Paris, but the reigning anecdotes of *Paradise Babylon* are absent from this second stage in Naim's odyssey. The same concerns are dealt with here but only briefly and often incomprehensibly as they are resolved unconvincingly with Naim's work in at a great disadvantage.

There is a rationale behind these omissions, however: this is the story of Naim's sentimental and sexual education, and his days are spent in a romantic pursuit of earthly delights, often rewarded by beautiful and adoring females. Kattan very successfully reverts to the joy of those affairs and the headless pace at which innocence rises toward experience. In between hotel-room trysts, our irresistible hero broods over his family's fate, world *Reservoir* is a put-down of Albert Camus and Hermann Hesse indicate that he is indeed a student, though of what is never made clear, not to mention what to do with his life once his scholarship runs out. That can't stay, decide which of his ladies he really loves, then escape with her to America.

But the ghosts of novelists past have overreached the literary beds of Paris. To evoke once again the missed rendezvous, the painful physical calls, the ardent convulsions from freshly baked baguettes strewn over lion-rumpled sheets is no longer sufficient: writers about Paris need fresher eyes than most, and Kattan has not taken full advantage of his story's potential. Gone is the double vision of East viewed by West which made the earlier book so engaging and which, reversed, might have produced an equally fascinating work. And his cryptic narrative style, which specifies in parentheses, as an event, describing an aftermath, but omitting the event itself, has not been aided by careless editing and what appears to be a hasty translation.

Mark Caraculski

A tale without a tale

JOHNNY
by David Helwig
(Oberon, \$15)

"**T**his random dance of atoms would not obey the laws of storytelling," reflects the heroine of David Helwig's novel after he

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son almost finished telling her story. Although much happens, the remark is accurate: Jennifer—middle-aged and divorced—is not all that happy; her children are not perfect, most of the disturbed youngsters she works with show little sign of improving and she is lonely. Worse, "Her life seemed to have entered one of those periods when disaster fell on everyone around her." A friend has attempted suicide over an unsuccessful affair, the daughter of a co-worker falls ill, a psychiatric patient sniffs her and then rapes a stranger—and this is just the beginning. Having foretaste melodrama by keeping almost all of these events offstage, except for a newly observed description of the death of Jennifer's mother. As a result, the novel is too long, as if the author was intent on keeping it minor and small.

Hefwig has a discerning eye for the aftermath of human disturbances, but the book suffers from its overlengthiness in vain trust the events themselves. Hefwig does not want to stand apart from his creation by turning Jennifer's life into a plot or by judging her. While she bravely faces her duties and problems, she also is callous toward her suicidal friend, taking up with the man over whom the friend slashed her wrists. Hefwig writes very well and honestly. Now if only he would be less timid about taking a position that differs from that of his main character. He is skilful enough both to depict the events and to keep them from overwhelming the reader of his fiction. But, after all, no authors are truly random.

David Weinberger

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 The Last Goodnight, Stewart (1)
- 2 The Morning Circle, Loftin (2)
- 3 David's Alternative, Forsyth (3)
- 4 Life Before Man, Atwood (3)
- 5 Belles, Kinsler (3)
- 6 Secret as Gold, Fisher (3)
- 7 Shadow of the Moon, Kage
- 8 Sophie's Choice, Stynes (4)
- 9 Silberman, Freeman (7)
- 10 War and Remembrance, Wick

NONFICTION

- 1 How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation, Shulman (1)
- 2 Great Books, Werlin (2)
- 3 America's Secret, Saper (3)
- 4 Leisure Social: An Atypical Novel (7)
- 5 How Not to Run a Bank, Moore
- 6 The Complete Scientific Medical Diet, Freeman (Baker) (4)
- 7 How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, Roth (3)
- 8 Memento Moriwell, Crawford (3)
- 9 Beyond Reason, Friedman (3)
- 10 Paper Juggernaut, Givens

(Continued on page 30)

Theatre

Eastern magic, Western eyes

Twelve human monkeys in yellow pyjama-suits are scurrying before the thrust of their king, whose diademed attire is topped off by eight-foot-long swaying crys horns. Suddenly the monkeys break into a run, launch themselves into the air and vanish through the side of a purple tree trunk. The Peking Opera Theatre of China has returned to Canada after a 10-year absence and the stage of the O'Keefe Centre in Toronto is electric with color. There's a buzz in the auditorium at the chance to view a major theatrical tradition, now fully restored and rejuvenated after the ravages of the Cultural Revolution. There's extra excitement among the Chinese community, who will be in force over the next month as the 160-member troupe presents *The Monkey King Conquers Heaven* in Chinese and excerpts from other works in Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria.

Every the Chinese tradition wins on the stage and the slapstick dialogue. But don't avoid the Peking Opera because you lack the language. Even if you're squeamish about the odd, wallophic phrasing, howling, striking, twanging chamber orchestra with its shrill piping effects and wood glimmers, even if you can't relate to the brilliantly modulated singing and the actors' subliming vocal range, don't be deterred: the event will still leave you breathless.

For classical Peking Opera has a little of everything: acrobatics, dance, high drama, acrobatics, pagany—some agree. The plot is elementary, but as satisfying as an Andersen fairy tale. The story



Monkey King, creating havoc in mischief and (below) in mid-air, whether swooping or indulging life of Gaiwan's watch controlled



is broad, the acting a magnificent blend of the fine and the stylized. Moments, whether swooping or restrained, are Gaiwan's watch controlled and most are followed by a sudden pause to let the gesture breathe.

A really hard-to-please audience can always count the colors among the riot of costumes. A warrior chief appears in a green and cream tunic with yellow streamers, a black-clothed saint intent with strange and red pom-poms, black stockings and white platform shoes. His face is plastered with the company's startling and symbolic makeup (he has one predominantly painted below it hangs an enormous rectangular beard in violet. This is one stupendous costume out of hundreds, police guards and soldiers, moons and mountains, dragons and hellions—not to mention the monkeys—are equally imposing. And, if this isn't enough, every scene is set against costly, colorful backdrops: vivid waterfalls tumble, lush fruit trees flower, and pink and purple clouds waft delicate breezes.

The Monkey King tells how the Jade Emperor and the Dragon King attempt to cur the impatient Monkey King down to size, first through a humiliating job in the stables, then through his capture and the immortal Peach Feast and subsequent incarceration, which he magnificently escapes. Sun Wukong and his band of monkeys constantly outwit their adversaries, finally triumphing so an extravagantly choreographed battle sequence which puts the researcher's eyes open: forebodingly armed but combed opponents. The full weight of the plot falls

The cases of Richard, Lowell and Robert prove that cynicism still greases wheels

By Allan Fotheringham

The essential ingredient of politics is hypocrisy. Green men stand unblinking, biting cameras and microphones, mouthing words that would silt up from their mouths. They would never strike children on the back, dogs, or refuse an extract from the Salvation Army. But they regard it as perfectly respectable to damage the language, utter obvious anathemas and still go home to a good meal with their consciences apparently unimpaled. It's a strange mental adjustment that would bother ordinary folk.

We are currently bathing in the aftermath of Liberal anagnathia, a name coined in the belief that it has consumed the last of the cynicism and only fresh-shocked cynicism lies ahead, a trifling of dimes before us. Let us get carried away, let us examine at small length three cases of cynicism. Mr. C.J. Clark, the awkward lad from the Poobahs who is not so awkward when it comes to the always miffing politics, is involved in all three.

The first case is that of Richard Janelle. He is 32, and grew up in the Quebec town of Victoriaville. He is a good-looking young man, with the usual trendy mustache. He emerged some half-dozen years ago in the murky world of CreditRite politics as a close associate of the late René Cousineau. He was principal assistant to CreditRite leader André Paré for two years, being elected in 1986, 1979 and 1974 before dying in a 1977 car crash. The ambitious Janelle inherited Paré's riding of LeBellevue for the by-election held in October of 1978.

The heavy-handed Liberals, believing the death of Paré had given them their chance, rushed into the riding. Mr. Paré himself and cabinet ministers Monique Bégin, Jacques Savard, Jean Chrétien, Marc Lalonde and Gilles Lacourcière. But Janelle, originally a betwixt, prevailed against the heat and was elected by his Québécois neighbors

by a 4,481-vote margin. Since more cynicism, in the May 22 election this ambitious young man took 30,000 votes of the 42,000 cast. In other words, almost 50 per cent of the voters of LeBellevue decided they wanted the CreditRite Richard Janelle to represent them in the Parliament of Canada.

So? So, just four months and one day later, Prime Minister C.J. Clark, with a barely disguised smirk as he took his English-speaking cabinet to a spurious session in Québec City, introduced the pliant Richard Janelle as the sweet-



Tony St. Clark, invited to reporters, Janelle had not been promised any new title. Last week, as the political rewards and retroactive plans were dashed out, it happened that one Richard Janelle—now paid \$42,200 including a tax-free allowance of \$12,700 as an MP—will get an additional \$5,600 as a parliamentary secretary. Even before the Commons agreed, he'd got 30,000 votes of LeBellevue fanned that Joe Clark, boy innocent, had something else in mind.

The second case involves Lowell Murray. He is 40. He had been a friend of Clark's since university days. They worked together on the David Paton leadership campaign. When that failed, both went to work for Robert Stanfield Murray, who is very bright and very sensitive, orchestrated the Clark election victory. He seems to resent the authority given to Bill Neville, Clark's chief of staff, who is not regarded as Murray's intellectual equal. The day after the election was won, he disap-

peared from Ottawa, vowing nothing would bring him back. (He disappears a lot, often to foreign climes.)

As it turned out, there was something that could bring him back. It was \$1,000,000. That, at the very least, is one day of inflation, in what new Senator Murray will receive if he survives until the mandatory Senate retirement age of 75. He does not seem eager, even at his tender age, to face the voters. What is even more laughable—in the newishish Clark age—is that lifetime Member Murray, squeezed in as an "Ontario" senator, had to going to the bank and purchase an Ottawa condominium. He is a man of unusual high color, but he blushes a lot when caught in public these days.

The third case, perhaps most notorious, is Robert de Cotret. He is 32. He is bright. Graduate of the University of Ottawa and McGill, a doctoral student at the University of Michigan. He was, though we don't much talk about it these days, a member of Richard Nixon's council of economic advisers. He was president of Canada's Confederation Board at 22. He was Ottawa Centre for the Tories in those 1970 by-elections, defeating Bryce Mackay, and—jacking the back benches—was seated close to Joe Clark.

He was Joe's first brain, the future cabinet minister.

The problem was that de Cotret's intellect and ambition got ahead of his nose. He crashed in the Commons. This was the new Bernie March? Came May 22 and Ottawa Centre voters ditched him. His reward? A Senate measure, two cabinet posts as minister of industry, trade and consumer and minister of state for economic development, a seat in the inner cabinet as chairman of the most important committee, economic development. That a salary of \$40,200.

That will bring him \$5,000,000 while he waits to 75. The way to win is to lose," says Pierre Trudeau de Cotret. Joe Clark, his innocent innocent notwithstanding, is just as cynical as the rest.

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